

YOUTH'S COMPANION



Times Wide World

THE CAPITOL

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Stamps & Stick

Our stamp page, which appears in the last issue of every month, always contains a summary for expert collectors of the important philatelic events of the month, and a brief word of information specially intended for beginners.



LEARNING WORLD EVENTS BY STAMPS

THE real fascination in collecting postal adhesives lies in the worth-while knowledge to be derived through studying the stamps themselves. Stamps teach. This is recognized in certain foreign countries, where philately is regularly a study in the lower grades of many of the schools.

The boy or girl who is a philatelist is apt to find school studies more interesting than they would be were he or she not a collector, for the reason that designs on most stamps are educational. If the design is pictorial, or carries the portrait of a man or a woman, or bears a Latin wording or a significant English inscription, or has a peculiar surcharge, the collector may assume, rightly, that the picture or portrait or inscription or overprint was put there with a purpose by the postal authorities responsible for the stamp.

What is that purpose? Find the answer to that question, with reference to each new adhesive acquired, and your sum of knowledge has increased. The answer may have to do with geography. It may link up with history. It perhaps associates itself with current-day affairs. Or it may have a direct connection with mineralogy, numismatics, architecture, political economy, horticulture, maritime or military activities, religion—or with any one of a score of other subjects. It is certain that the dyed-in-the-wool philatelist has a more comprehensive idea of what has been going on in this busy world of ours than has his or her fellow who takes no interest whatever in the ubiquitous postage stamp.

A king ascends his throne. New republics arise out of the collapse of an empire. A nation proclaims its freedom from an oppressive political yoke. A parliament meets. New land is discovered. Another city is founded. Territory is exchanged between two nations. A president is elected, or another dies. A premier has a birthday. A crown prince is married. A monarch journeys to a foreign land. War is waged. Islands are captured. Peace is declared. Post offices are built. Monuments are erected. Expositions take place. Athletic games are held. The spread of tuberculosis is fought. Floods occur. A railroad is constructed. Airplanes make memorable flights. A noted writer passes on. An heir apparent is baptized. Penny postage is inaugurated. A new port is opened to commerce. There is a census of a nation's people. Holy Year is celebrated. A country changes its currency. Another century dawns.

And in nearly every one of these numerous instances the design on the stamp, or the inscription, or a combination of the two, hints of the background. The story is the thing—not alone mere possession of the stamp itself! Why was the stamp issued? What were the interesting developments which contributed to its appearance?

STAMP NEWS

Tripoli Commemoratives

AN exposition was opened in Tripoli in February, and Italy called the world's attention to it by issuing commemorative stamps, with designs by Professor D'Urso, of Rome, depicting native scenes. These semi-postal adhesives are from Tripolitania, one of Libya's independently administered districts, and are sold at more than the face value in order to raise funds to help finance the exposition. Values, color and designs are 20 plus 5 centesimi, brown-violet and black, and 25 plus 5 centesimi, blue-green and black, Tripoli's harbor; 40 plus 10 centesimi, black-brown and black, and 60 plus 10 centesimi, orange-brown and black, the Arch of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, Tripoli; 75 plus 20 centesimi, red and black, and 1 lira 25 centesimi plus

20 centesimi, blue and black, a general view of Tripoli; and, for special-delivery duty, 1 lira 25 centesimi plus 30 centesimi, purple and black, and 2 lire 50 centesimi plus 1 lira, yellow and black, a camel caravan crossing the desert.

Commemorative to a Scientist

THE centenary of the death of Alessandro Volta, inventor of the electric battery and from whose name the familiar word "volt" is derived, has been remembered postally by Italy. Volta passed away on March 5, 1827. This June commemorative exercises will be held in Como, the scientist's birthplace. Thomas A. Edison is honorary chairman of an American committee which purposes to create a memorial in the form of an annual fellowship to an Italian electrical engineer, who would thus be enabled to spend one year in study and research work in the United States. The uniform design of the stamps—20 centesimi, 60 centesimi and 1 lira 25 centesimi—is a portrait of Volta.

A Lithuanian Patriot

BLACK-BORDERED stamps carrying a portrait of Dr. James Basanavičius, patriarch and patriot, who died, aged 75, at Vilna on February 16, have appeared in Lithuania. This mourning commemorative series comprises 15 centai, carmine-lake, 25 centai, blue, 50 centai, green, and 60 centai, violet. The set symbolizes a nation paying tribute to a man who has been styled its "grand old man" and called also the "patriarch of the Lithuanian renaissance." The stamps bear the dates of his birth and death, 1851 and 1927. In the latter part of the nineteenth century he published a journal, Dawn, which he smuggled into Lithuania from Germany. After the uprising of the Russian people in 1905, Basanavičius was unanimously elected president of the famous Diet of Vilna. He was noted also as a scholar, wrote a great deal concerning Lithuanian folklore and founded and was president of the Lithuanian Scientific Society.

From the Barbados Island

THREE centuries ago Barbados was settled by the British, and this island colony has now issued a commemorative stamp with the design featured by portraits of King Charles I, who ruled in the earlier period, and King George V, the present sovereign. Except for King Henry VII and King James I, whose likenesses were once placed on Newfoundland stamps, no other early British ruler has hitherto been honored postally. The new Barbados adhesive, 1 penny red, carries the dates 1627 and 1927—1627 because it was in that year that King Charles I issued a grant to the Earl of Carlisle. The latter settled the community called Bridgetown, the island's capital city. Some years before that—in 1605—British sailors landed in Barbados from the ship Olive Blossom and took possession in the name of King James—an event which Barbados commemorated with stamps, with a picture of the Olive Blossom as the design, three centuries later.

Statue of St. Paul from Malta

MALTA'S long-promised 10-shilling stamp, red and black, with a new representation of St. Paul—"Patronus Melitae"—has finally appeared. The design is a statue of St. Paul by the Maltese sculptor Gafa. This stands in the Collegiate Parish Church of St. Paul Shipwrecked, in Valletta.

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET

Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (Satan with pitchfork); Barbadoes (chariot and flying horses); Chile (battle scene); Egypt (sphinx and pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (terrestrial tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c this great packet will be sent. **Philatelic Stamp Co., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo.** Important: If you act right now, we will also include free a triangle stamp, perforation gauge, and a small package of hinges.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 101

APRIL 21, 1927

NUMBER 16



Thad stood erect in the circle of the Indians, head thrown back, the firelight playing on his blue blouse and shining eyes

BEHIND the adobe lay the mountain ranges. They were not the forested mountains of the East, but the mountains of Arizona, brown, chaotic, unadorned, lifting tortured peaks to the brooding violet of the sky. Before the adobe, sloping clean away for a hundred miles, lay the desert, silent, yellow, shimmering to the far blue of the horizon.

Priscilla Newman paused in the doorway of the adobe and looked out across the desert. Many times a day she did this, as if something of the desert's serenity, something of its tender beauty gave her strength for her days.

When Priscilla came to the Sacred Desert she was pink and white and fragile. One connected her as inevitably with Paris gowns as one did the handsome baby Thad with velvet suits. Yet she and her baby settled on the little claim that was to be their home for so many years with only old Pedro, the half-breed, for counsellor and man of all work. The sun bleached her hair. Hard work had blunted her fingers. She was dressed in faded brown khaki. Yet the indefinable charm of gentle breeding was as strong in her as ever.

Every morning Priscilla went down into the mine to set old Pedro to work. The half-breed had gone into town this morning for supplies; so Priscilla was planning to take Thad down with her for a general overhauling of the work. She had delayed her going for some minutes. The Indians still were trailing up to the crest of the peak behind the adobe. All the day before, she and Thad had watched them. Scattered red dots in the infinite sand spaces drew nearer, and squaws in scarlet trudged up the dry arroyo beside the adobe to the peak trail. Black dots grew larger, and bucks in gauze shirts, trousers belted with scarlet silk handkerchiefs,

swung tirelessly through the heavy cactus growth.

The most alarming thing about the pilgrimage to Priscilla was that it was accomplished in utter silence. For many years the Hualapais had been Priscilla's only neighbors. She and Thad liked the quiet, kindly folk. Many of them were Priscilla's tried friends. The Indians always had treated Thad with strange respect. On his right arm above the wrist was a little birthmark that old Pedro had showed to the Hualapais when Thad first came to the desert. From that time the Indians had treated Thad's lightest word with respect. It was a long time before Priscilla discovered that the little birthmark was a perfect reproduction of the Hualapai sign for the coyote. The coyote was the fount of all knowledge for the Hualapais. Yet, now, to all Thad's questions, they turned averted faces.

THERE must have been two hundred Indians, up on the peak, silhouetted in scarlet and black against the vivid heavens. Silent, immobile, they sat waiting, waiting. Thad, who had been feeding his horse and the chickens, came round the adobe and stood beside his mother. Feature for feature, he was unlike his mother, and yet he was vividly like her in an intangible nobility of bearing. He was very tall for his years,—all desert children develop finely,—with a good head, heavy black hair, and eyes the

color of the Arizona sky. His mother, old Pedro, the Indians, had been his only companions all his short life.

"What do you suppose they're doing, Thad?" asked Priscilla. "If it wasn't that they were bringing the squaws, I'd say we ought to get word to town of an uprising."

Thad shook his black head. "It isn't an uprising. They're waiting for something. They won't tell me what."

His mother picked up her miner's candle. "Well, this doesn't solve any problem. Come, Thad, I want you to go into the shaft with me and hold the candle while I do some sampling."

Priscilla said this with a keener look at the boy than her words warranted. Thad backed away from her, and a little, unchild-like line appeared on either side of his mouth.

"Let me wait till tomorrow, mother. I—I want to watch for Injun Joe."

The lines around Thad's mouth were duplicated around Priscilla's. She walked over and put one work-blunted little hand on her boy's shoulder. He was nearly as tall as she, and Priscilla was not short.

"Thad, you've got to fight it," she said. "If you knew how your cowardice worries me! Afraid of the shaft with me right beside you! You are afraid of everything!"

The boy shuffled his feet. "I'll get over it when I'm a man," he mumbled.

"But you won't unless you fight it now!"

cried his mother. "And you will be a moral coward, too. I know, Thad, because—" Priscilla paused and looked far off over the serene desert distance; then she summoned all her resolution. "Thad, you get it from me."

The boy turned astonished blue eyes on his mother. She went on speaking as man to man, not as mother to son. "Thad, all my life I've been a coward, afraid of places, of people, of things. Why, my very coming to the desert was a runaway! This claim was all that was left after the crash, and I was afraid! Afraid to face down your father's business failure, after his death, among those who knew me. I've hidden it from you, but every day is a battle with me to overcome my fears. Now I know that, if as a child I had had some one to put a warm back to mine and make me fight with my brain, I'd not be the failure I am. Thad, you are to go down the mine, before I do, this morning!"

UNDER his tan, the boy went white. What reply he would have made, however, his mother never knew, for at that moment Injun Joe appeared in the dooryard. He was a tall, middle-aged Hualapai. He and Thad were devoted friends, but this morning the Indian's usual smile was wanting.

"You no go on the peak, today," he said. "If any white go on the peak, he get himself killed."

"But, Joe, what's the matter?" cried Thad, running up to his friend.

The look the Indian gave the boy said that Thad knew more than he pretended. "Huh!" he said. "You keep whites off the peak!" Then, before Thad could protest his ignorance, the Indian turned and swung up the arroyo.

Priscilla felt that this was no time for

Thad's moral training. She was growing nervous over Joe's warning. "You and I had better sit here and watch developments, Thad. I wish Pedro were here."

The two seated themselves on the steps where they could watch both the peak and the desert. For over two hours they sat thus while one by one the silent Indians passed them in the arroyo not a stone's throw away. The Indians came on foot. So when far down the trail the two watchers saw a horseback rider they both exclaimed, "Pedro!"

But it was not Pedro. As the rider drew up to the corral and dismounted both Priscilla and Thad knew that their visitor was an Eastern prospector. Only a tender-foot would have worn knee-high-laced boots in the burning heat of the Sacred Desert. The man was stout and middle aged. He came up to the adobe, panting, and whipped off his hat at sight of Priscilla.

"I was told I might get supper here," he said. "My name is John Watson. I am a mining engineer sent out by an Eastern firm to examine its claims on the peak up back of you. If you can take care of my horse, I'll go up there and come back for supper."

"I shall be glad to have you as my guest," answered Priscilla. "But you mustn't think of going up on the peak." She told him of her apprehension about the Indians.

Mr. Watson smiled a little pityingly. "Oh, I'm not nervous about Indians!" he said.

"Nor am I, ordinarily," answered Priscilla. "But when the Indians themselves warn me I think it's as well to give heed!"

The stranger's lower lip protruded obstinately. "I've got just one day in which to do this work. I certainly am not going to let a few Indians bother me. I'm armed. There are no dangerous Indians nowadays."

He started toward the arroyo trail. Priscilla stood silent. The stranger did not know how sore a nerve he had brushed.

SO all the remainder of the golden desert day, Priscilla and Thad sat on the adobe steps watching for Pedro, for Mr. Watson, for they knew not what! Somehow, the breathless waiting of those silent figures on the mountain top had communicated itself to them, and they sat very close together and said little. Priscilla found comfort in the touch of Thad's sturdy young arm, though she knew that his fears were greater than her own. She was little more than a girl and had fought so many fights of the spirit alone! It was good to know that Thad knew, at last, that she too was afraid.

The shadow of the peak lengthened and lengthened before them, a purple wedge stretching far into the crimsoning sands. Cottontail and jack rabbit roused from their afternoon siestas and darted among the greasewood bushes. For some timid reason, which she did not express, Priscilla decided not to prepare supper until Mr. Watson appeared. She and Thad ate crackers and sardines sitting on the step. Still their guest did not return. Still there was no sound from those silent figures on the peak, black now against the afterglow.

As darkness fell and the stars pricked out, the sense of waiting grew all but unbearable. Thad began to cry softly.

"Come, Thad! Saddle your horse! We will take turns riding into town."

"Wait! Here comes some one!" sniffed Thad, between sobs.

Injun Joe glided into the shaft of light from the living room lamp. "Why you let that white man come up there?" he whispered fiercely. "Now, he'll die! The Injuns got him staked out before he made a sound. When Ma-veeta comes, they'll kill that white man!"

"O Joe!" screamed Priscilla. "Why, they can't! If you kill a white man, the big sheriff at Washington will punish you!"

"Huh!" said Injun Joe. "After tonight the whites come on their knees to beg the Injuns to be good to them!"

Priscilla pulled from Thad's clinging hand and ran to seize Injun Joe's arm. "Quick, Joe, quick! Go tell the Injuns that, if they touch that white man, they will be killed themselves! Thad and I are going into town for the sheriff now."

"White man be dead by then," said Joe, laconically.

Priscilla turned to Thad and wrung her hands. "Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!" she panted.

"That's what Joe come to tell you," said the Hualapai. "Only white squaws always have to do a heap of talking, first. Hualapais, they wait for their god, Ma-veeta, to come. He sent word he come tonight up on the

peak. When he get there he show the Injuns how to be great again and drive whites out. Ma-veeta, he sent word that, if any white spoke on the peak today, he wouldn't come."

Thad had ceased his sobs and stood listening. The Indian eyed him with that fleeting look of homage that Priscilla often had remarked.

"Thad," the Indian went on, "he bear the coyote mark. He have heart like an Injun, mind like a white. He get messages from the gods. You *sabes*? He get many lately."

"What does he mean, Thad?" asked Priscilla, impatiently.

Thad returned her puzzled look for a moment, then he brightened. "Oh, you know how they like stories? And how I tell them all that you tell me? I've been telling them the Greek hero stories, lately. That one about—"

Injun Joe struck in. "Don't talk so much. If Hualapais know Injun Joe was here, they'd kill him. By and by, Thad, you go up on the peak and try to get that white man."

"But," cried Priscilla, "won't they kill Thad?"

Injun Joe looked troubled. "Maybe, but I guess not. Anyhow, that's the only way to save the white." He turned abruptly and disappeared into the night.

Priscilla and Thad stared at each other for a moment. Then Thad controlled his trembling lips to whisper, "You aren't going to make me go, mother! Oh, you aren't!"

Priscilla gulped down a girlish sob. "No! No! Thad, no! We'll start for town immediately and get help back to Mr. Watson. They won't dare to kill him!"

One of the many fine things about Thad was that he invariably spoke the truth.

"Yes, they will, mother," he said hoarsely. "Injun Joe never would have told us about it if he hadn't been good and scared."

WHETHER it was some note in his mother's broken voice, whether it was the thought of the lonely white man with hopeless face to the stars, something appealed to the latent nobility in Thad. He pulled from his mother's arms. He swallowed a sob, wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his blouse and spoke clearly.

"I'm going up there, mother!"

Priscilla seized his hands. "Oh, no, Thad! You must not! You will be killed! I have stood everything else, but that I could not stand!"

The child made no reply. He only looked at his mother's agonized face through tear-blinded eyes. Priscilla looked over his head to the stars.

"Not this!" she said. "Not this, too! Surely I did not need this lesson!"

Some understanding beyond his years came to Thad. He put his arm about his mother's neck and pulled her girlish head against his shoulder. Then, after a moment, "I'll be back with Mr. Watson as quick as quickness, mother," he said. "You have supper ready."

As if she had been physically impelled, Priscilla jumped to her feet. "I am going with you, Thad. Hurry, dear!"

"Wait!" said Thad, and he ran into the adobe to return with a coyote pelt, which he rolled under his arm.

Priscilla could think of no suggestions to make to the child. She could only trust blindly to chance. She led the way up the dark arroyo. By trail, it was a ten-minute climb to the peak. But Priscilla dared not take the trail for fear of meeting an Indian. She struck up the rocky mountain side, thick grown with cactus and cat's-claw. Thad close behind her.

Up and up, now pausing to gather strength to hoist themselves over a giant boulder or to work their way through a cactus labyrinth, now scrambling up some clear space, madly, as if they could hear the man Watson crying to them for help.

Only once did Thad falter. Halfway to the peak a cactus gouged his cheek. He whimpered and fell back. "I'm going home, mother! I just dassent go up there! They'll kill me! I know they'll kill me!"

Priscilla dropped back beside him, and surely the desert stars must have looked down with love and understanding on mother and son kneeling there. "Oh, little son!" whispered Priscilla. "It has to be, don't you see? We are both such cowards, you and I, that this chance was given us to see if we are a bit worth while!"

Only once did Priscilla falter, and that was near the crest, when they caught the glow of a fire. She stood for a moment holding Thad back as if it were quite beyond

human strength to go farther. But Thad caught her hand and pulled her forward. It was a huge fire, of mesquite and greasewood. About it, in a giant circle, silent, motionless, sat the throng of Hualapais. Priscilla and Thad drew near. Priscilla slid behind a rock heap where she could see without being seen. Thad threaded his way among the Indians to the center of the circle.

Except for scowls and a faint rustle of protest, the Indians gave no sign, though every eye was fastened hostilely on the white child. Thad on his part did not speak, nor did he appear to see the gagged figure of Mr. Watson, who lay on the ground with arms and legs bound to mesquite stakes. Thad had not lived among the Indians without growing to understand them, and they had told him much more than was their custom to tell the run of whites. He stood erect, head thrown back, the firelight playing on his blue blouse and shining eyes. The silence, broken only by the fire and, Priscilla thought, by the agonized beating of her own heart, remained unbroken for fully five minutes. Then a lank Indian, a stranger, rose.

"Tie that white boy and let him die!" he said in Hualapai. Thad moistened his lips but did not speak. He understood the Hualapai language as well as his own.

A BREATHLESS interval, then old Chief Charley rose. He was an old, old Indian, but he still had majesty of bearing. "He has the coyote's mark. Let him speak his message!"

"No! No! No!" came stormily from the circle. "No white may speak!"

Over and above Priscilla's agony of fear came a thrill of pride. Thad stood so straight, so unflatteringly, with his blue eyes never leaving the chief's face. It was an unforgettable picture: the fire glow and the velvet, star-set sky; the great circle of scarlet and black and blue; the hundreds of fathomless eyes fastened on the white child with his noble head and blanched determined face. The boy's silence had a remarkable effect on the Indians. After a moment, their cries of protest ceased and they waited. Again the lank Indian rose defiantly. But before he could speak, Thad raised his right arm. His blouse sleeve slipped back and in the firelight showed the little red birthmark. A murmur as of the wind went through the circle. Even the strange Indian's glare changed to Injun Joe's look of homage.

"Speak, Thad!" said the old chief.

But the boy shook his head and then inclined it, as if listening. A coyote called from a neighboring peak. Instantly, Thad walked over to the recumbent John Watson and laid the coyote pelt across the man's chest. Then he deliberately stooped and cut the thongs that bound Watson's hands and feet. A gasp went through the circle. Thad stood erect and again raised his arm. A deep call sounded from the distant coyote pack. The Indians were spellbound. Thad helped Mr. Watson to his feet and taking him by the hand led the all but helpless man out of the circle. The Indians made way, their eyes wide with awe.

In a moment Thad had led Mr. Watson to Priscilla's rock shelter where Priscilla pulled the gag from the exhausted man's mouth, bidding him in a breathless whisper to be silent. The three crouched motionless for some moments, but no sound came from the waiting circle. The silence seemed only more tense, more exalted. After a time, Priscilla led the way to the trail, and in a few moments they had left that pitiful waiting folk to their fruitless dream.

Never had the sitting-room light looked so warm, so safe. "We will rest, then go into town till the Indians have dispersed," said Priscilla, leading the way into the sitting-room. John Watson sank exhausted into a chair. "I—I can't thank you!" he said. "I don't understand how or why, but you and the boy saved my life!"

"Not I!" exclaimed Priscilla proudly. "It was Thaddy, my brave little son!"

They turned to the child. Thad stood with his head in the crook of his elbow, sobbing violently. "No, I'm not brave!" he protested. "I—I am so scared this minute that I'm most dead!"

John Watson leaned over and pulled the boy into the circle of his warm arm. "I like your kind of fear, Thad," he said. "It's the kind that makes a man sort of keep his faith in the bigness of humans!"

Priscilla looked out the door to the stars. Never before had they seemed so near, so tender, so benign. And suddenly she knew that this night had brought compensation for all the bitter years.

"Why I Like The Youth's Companion"

The Prize-winning Letter

EIGHTEEN hundred and fifty-nine letters—more than enough to fill a good sized trunk—were received in this contest from friends all over the world. The judges reported that all were so good that it was practically impossible to choose the winner. After long deliberation, first prize was given to the letter that follows:

Karnack, Texas

To the Editor's Secretary:

Several years ago my uncle sent me The Youth's Companion as a Christmas present for five years. And now it is "the family magazine." My dad, who very seldom reads magazines, reads it aloud to all of us at night, and we all look forward to the day when it usually comes.

Magazines now have a trend to the exceedingly sensational and unusual.

What a relief it is to read nice "homey" stories! The stories in The Youth's Companion are constructive,—never destructive,—interesting and educational. Best of all, I like the friendly human feeling in the stories by C. A. Stephens and others. "The Home Girl" is very interesting, and so is that enjoyable little juvenile story, "The Universal Trading Company." Somehow that story just makes a grin spread on one's face. Let us have more like it, and like "The

Hanging Lamp." Those frequent and interesting contests with liberal prizes are another attractive feature. I like the Junior Fiction Contest best. If a person has any literary ambitions (and that is a thing a person is sensitive about), he can get a chance to express himself in this contest. A contest appeals to everybody.

The Miscellany Page is my favorite, after I have read the continued story. Some of the short articles by the clever Mr. Peaslee remind me of the maxims of Benjamin Franklin.

Since the trend of national and international affairs is important to us all, I find the Current Events column valuable. The Children's Page used to be the nicest of all, I thought. I don't read it any more, but it's very interesting to the younger children.

Then there is the Girls' Page, with so many cuts and helpful suggestions, and the things this page teaches you to do are useful. Not being a boy, I don't care for the Boys' Page—but I'm sure they do.

There, that's why I like The Youth's Companion. It has such a variety of interesting features, containing everything one needs to read. It has contests where the readers have a chance to speak. And then, it's a friend of mine!

An ardent reader,
CLAUDIA TAYLOR



First reading of the first few hundred letters; this editor is sitting at the desk once used by the founder, Nathaniel Willis

WHEN I was a boy, The Youth's Companion came regularly to my home in Cincinnati, and I used to read it with keen delight. But I would have been amazed if anyone had told me, forty-eight years ago, that I should some day be advising the readers of The Youth's Companion upon public life as a career.

It is a pleasure to renew my old acquaintance with The Companion, and it is my earnest hope that this article may make many young men realize that they are just as likely to succeed in public life as in any other vocation. As for rewards, I can say truthfully that I know of no reward like the satisfaction of service to country. It is the aim of the man elected to governmental office to make laws for the comfort and happiness of his citizens. He is their voice, and their strong right arm. If he is honest, and responsible, and brave, he can lead them to the heights. What men do you think of as the greatest Americans? Washington, Lincoln, perhaps Roosevelt, perhaps others. Almost every man you name will have been engaged in public life. And yet, compared to the number of men that devote their lives to our many industries, few enter public life.

This is because men do not understand politics as they understand business. What most boys know of politics derives from their knowledge of American history. They are likely to see the results, without appreciating the procedure which leads to those results. They think what they would do if they were Presidents of the United States. They fail to appreciate exactly what a man must do even before he wins the most minor political honors. If they could only learn to look on politics—and I use the word in its highest and proper sense—as a business and a profession that requires, not God-given genius, but a normal amount of intelligence, and more than a normal amount of hard work, I believe that more boys would persevere in their ambition to make public service their career.

Money in Politics

There is a prevalent fallacy that only a man with private wealth can afford to enter politics. Nothing could be more untrue. I say this after serving for twenty-three years in the House of Representatives of the United States, and after seeing hundreds of men who have gained every inch of ground and won every single distinction of their lives by their own merits. There have been men of private wealth in politics, but in most cases this wealth has been a liability rather than an asset. Such men are very rare. By far the majority of the men serving now in Congress have won their places simply because their constituents trust them.

It is not money which wins votes, but service to your constituents. If they believe that you will guard their interests better than any other man can guard them, they will elect you. If you help to make laws that antagonize them, they will vote for somebody else, even if you have the wealth of Croesus.

Three Keys to Success

Our most successful statesmen, with very few exceptions, have been men of humble origin, measured in terms of inherited wealth or "social position," so-called. Their destinies they carved out for themselves. Their successes were achieved, not inherited.

To achieve success in politics, a man needs but three essentials: character, perseverance and ability.

Without character, and the moral strength that builds character, you will succeed in no occupation, politics or anything else. In politics, perseverance I believe to be the most important essential of all, for it is entirely of the individual's own making; and

the man who perseveres through thick and thin is going to build for himself both character and ability.

For a young man about to enter politics, his own ability is the thing he should worry about least, because he is least fit to judge it. Indeed, no one can determine accurately just how much ability a boy may have for politics. If he is totally unable to speak in the school civics club, it means absolutely nothing, except that he has not yet mastered the technique of public speaking. If a boy is shy and diffident, it means absolutely nothing, except that he has not yet been forced to mingle frequently with strangers. If a hard-working boy is dumb and slow-witted at the age of, say, sixteen, it means absolutely nothing, except that his teachers have failed to stir his imagination and direct it into intellectual channels. Time after time, the most tongue-tied schoolboy becomes in later life the most compelling public speaker; the most bashful boy, the most magnetic figure in his community; and the most slow-witted boy, the most astute citizen. If you can persevere, you need not worry about the other essentials of your success.

Young men at school are likely to forget how much of the success of our great national figures is due to perseverance in the face of apparently insuperable odds and irreparable defeat, from the times when they were obscure and totally unknown to the general public to the times when the highest rewards had come to them. At such times, any blunder means bitter attack by thousands and thousands of their countrymen. If you fully realize how hard your road will be, you are not so likely to be disappointed. Not all of the readers of this article will achieve all their ambitions. It is not in human nature to do so. But comparative failure should not cause you to be embittered or disheartened. It is far, far better to have lived with a real ambition ungratified than to have gone through life with no ambition at all.

He Hadn't Heard the Music Yet!

I began my own active political life as soon as I was old enough to vote. I connected myself with the smallest political division in my home city, Cincinnati, Ohio. And I have been in the thick of it ever since. When I joined my ward club thirty-eight years ago, I was the last person you would ever think of as the future Speaker of the House of Representatives in Washington. I knew nothing

about politics. I was awkward and "green." I had no confidence in my own ability. The one thing I had was hope.

I shall never forget one of my very first experiences with politics. In those days, the convention system was still in use in state politics. I used to help delegates to these conventions in their local campaigns. In a few years, I began to run for delegate to the state conventions myself.

In those days, before motor cars, people believed that no political campaign could be successful without a parade, led by a brass band. In these parades, the larger and stronger brethren invariably managed to shove their way to the head of the procession, and the shorter fellows brought up in the rear. I was among these file-closers.

One night we all turned out to parade for our candidate. It was a big parade, and we marched four abreast. The line was so long that it took hours to form. To my disgust, I found that I had been shoved and elbowed back to the middle of the rear rank. Ahead of me loomed an endless mass of tall heads and bulky shoulders. I felt swamped. After about a block, I looked round to see who were my neighbors. On each side I saw two old, old men with white beards and bowed shoulders. I was then just twenty-two, and I expected better treatment.

"This is a terrible place to be," I said to one of the old campaigners. "I can't even hear the music."

The veteran turned his head and glared at me scornfully. "Son," he said, "I've been marching in these here parades for thirty-six years, and I haven't heard the band play yet!"

For the first time, I now realized that success only comes after long, steady, patient hard digging.

Public Speaking

In modern politics, there is no place for oratory, the art of decorative address. The country is too big. Life is too busy and too complex. In the Sixty-ninth Congress over 17,000 bills were presented in the House. If an "oration" lasting for thirty minutes had accompanied each of these bills, we should have passed few of them by the time the session ended last March.

Public speaking is entirely a matter of practice. I know that many young men abandon the idea of entering public life because they believe they can never learn to

"think on their feet." I guarantee that any boy who honestly intends to become a finished public speaker can do so. It is only a question of drilling. When I was a boy, I was scared and nervous at the thought of addressing a crowd. More than once when I was new to the life I stammered and hesitated and forgot what I had intended to say. But I never once gave up trying. After many disappointing and unsuccessful speeches, at last I began to gain confidence before a crowd, and for the last thirty years it has been just as easy for me to speak in public as to converse privately with a friend. But it was a long, hard pull. I think that most of the men occupying positions of responsibility in the government would say the same thing of their own careers.

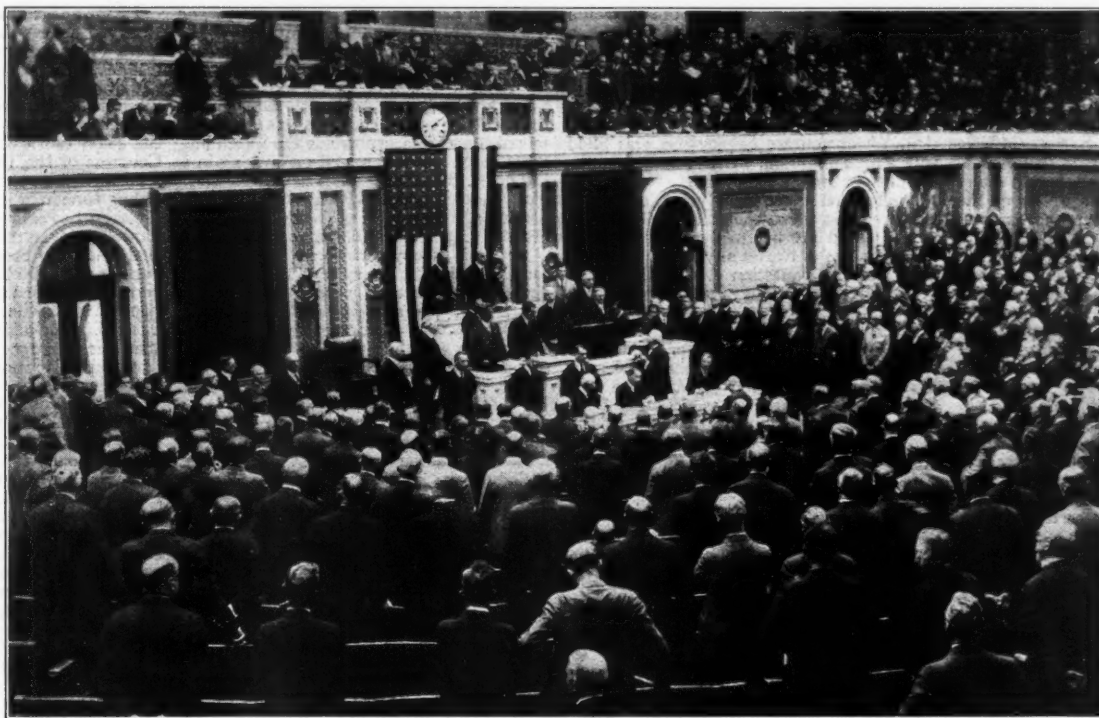
The purposes of public speaking are two: to express, and to convince. If you branch off into the realms of flowery figure and decorative diction, your audience is likely to suspect you of having nothing to say. When you are addressing an audience, learn to be brief, logical and accurate. It is easier to be eloquent than to be concise. Common sense will appeal to most audiences more than elegance or flourish. Likewise, the humor that reveals knowledge and appreciation of human beings will always win more people than studied brilliancy.

If you can express yourself clearly in conversation, you can learn to do the same in public address or debate. In public speaking, the greatest problem is to overcome the nervousness which is known as "stage fright." Only repeated effort can do this. Do not admit that you cannot overcome your stage fright until you have addressed at least twenty-five audiences of more than fifty persons. If you can say at the end of such a trial period that you still suffer from stage fright, then you can realize that you are a little slower to learn than most men!

How to Make Speeches

Long before a boy is old enough to take part in a political campaign he should take advantage of every possible opportunity to express himself in public and in private. In most schools there are civics or debating clubs, to which almost any boy who has shown a serious interest in current affairs can be elected. Here is a fine field for a boy to master one branch of the technique of politics. An audience of your schoolfellows is likely to be far harder to talk to than a bigger crowd of strangers. Your schoolfellows know your weaknesses, and if they are a class ahead of you they probably won't hesitate to make fun of you. There is nothing like a little ridicule to harden a man to public speaking. It is ordeal by fire for a young public speaker, and fire of the most scorching variety. But if you can live through it once or twice without having your spirit broken, you will find that nothing on the whole green earth—no hostile audience, no boisterous audience—can terrify you. In your early speeches you can be perfectly certain of a considerable percentage of failures. But if you keep at it, you will begin to find that your batting average is increasing. Perhaps you will find that your audience will begin to rise to some joke that has never before produced the flicker of a smile. Better still, you may find that you can state a serious and perhaps complex proposal in such a way that every man of them will be on your side when you sit down. It is a grand feeling. In some ways, there is no feeling like it in the world.

Remember too that a good public speaker must have more than the ability to make a good speech. He must be able to debate on the floor—to stand on his two feet and argue a man down before an audience of any size, large or small. This requires the cultivation of alertness, quick wit and the knack of remembering relevant facts. In the abstract,



P. & A. Photos

Speaker Longworth (standing with his hands on the desk, directly under the American flag) opens Congress

The Choice of a Profession

III. Politics

By NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

Speaker, United States House of Representatives

it does no good to have memorized, let us say, the criminal statistics of New York City for the past few years. But if you happen to be debating upon the resolution that crime is on the increase all over America, and your opponent states that crime is on the increase in New York City, you can rebut him by stating that there were fewer arrests in New York City in 1925 than in 1924. If your opponent is equally quick-witted, he will retort that, though there were fewer arrests, all the indications are that there were more crimes committed. What can you say now? If you are not taken unawares by his quick answer, you will be able to justify your statement.

This is a typical example of the problems which a man in legislative office must be ready for at all times. Ability to attack and to defend yourself from attack in intellectual duals requires precisely the same sort of training for the mind that a boxer must undergo before he can defeat an opponent in a sparring match. And the same rule holds true: that, after a certain point, a man is limited by his ability. No matter how strictly you have trained, or how thoroughly you have studied the technique, you will always, after you have progressed a certain extent, meet a man who is either your equal or your master, an opponent whom you cannot defeat. One difference: in politics, the game goes on forever, as long as you want to play it. A single defeat, or a single victory, means nothing. Always the challenge comes again. Always you must return to your constituents and ask them to vote their confidence in you. Do not forget that you are working, not for yourself primarily, but for them. You are a representative of your people. You stand for what they stand for. When you cease to represent them, you go out.

Progress in Politics Gradual

Perhaps it seems ridiculous, to young people who have never had an opportunity to take an active part in government, to see a man like other men who has the colossal impudence to tell everybody that he is the best man for a political office and to announce it everywhere, in the newspapers, on the platform, on the billboards. And yet what is more natural? In any business, when a man applies for a job, he believes in his heart that he is more fitted for that job than any other man in the world, and he does not hesitate to make that belief clear to his future employer. He does not say: "I am the best man in this town, morally, mentally, and every other way. Therefore I demand the job." What he says, in effect, is: "I have made a very close study indeed of the particular work you have in mind for me. I believe that my experience and my knowledge of this job fit me for it better than any other candidate."

Exactly the same applies to the politician at election time. If he is honest, and scrupulous, and sensible, he does not tell his voters that he represents the acme of human development. He only asks for their vote in the belief that in the extremely specialized science of government, or of making laws, he is better equipped than any of his opponents.

Success in politics scarcely ever comes in a hurry. The rewards await the men who have done the most faithful work over the longest periods of time. My own career is a good example of gradual advancement over many

years. I connected myself with the ward club as soon as possible—at the age of twenty-one—with the express purpose of taking an active part in politics. It was eight years before I won any but the most minor rewards: at the age of twenty-nine I was made a member of the Cincinnati Board of Education. When you are twenty-one, and filled with a high ambition, eight years with nothing in sight seem a long time.

Do I regret those eight years, or any of the strenuous years that have followed it? No; if I had my life to live over again, I should not hope to rise any faster. Entirely aside from any question of rewards, I love my work better than any other work in the world.

After a year's service on the Board of Education, I was elected to the Ohio legislature, where I served for two years. I served in the Ohio Senate for two years more, and from the State Senate I was elected to Congress, at the age of thirty-four. With the exception of two years, I have served there ever since.

As it had been in the ward politics in



P. & A. Photos

Speaker Longworth receiving a cheer from the page boys of the House of Representatives

Cincinnati, so it was when first I came to Washington. I felt that I had learned something of state government. I expected to find a place for me in Congress all prepared. But I had to begin all over again. I knew nothing about the practical side of Congress. I had few acquaintances and fewer friends in the House. But after over twenty years there I began to find that at last I had learned something of parliamentary procedure. It was a knowledge based one fourth on books which I had studied on the subject, and three fourths on long experience. This experience caused my election in 1923 as floor leader of the Republican party. In 1925, the House elected me as their Speaker, and I have been serving in that capacity since.

In my twenty-three years' service in the House, I have made hundreds of lasting personal friendships, with men of my own party, and with men of the opposing party, whom the outside world thinks of as my political enemies. I value these friendships among the most wonderful and happy associations of my life. From a purely personal point of view, the party line in politics often means nothing. Merely because two men think differently on a question of policy, they need not necessarily be at swords' points when they meet in the world outside.

Must a man in public life be a lawyer, or the graduate of a law school? Most members of Congress, in Senate and in House, are lawyers. But it is equally true that many of the eminent men in public life today are not. Some knowledge of the law is requisite for the man who makes laws, but this can be attained by some other means than spending three years in a law school or working in a law office. If a young man feels that he must study law and has other work to do to earn his living, there are night classes in law in all the big cities. If a reliable course of this kind is available, a boy considering politics as a career should think very carefully before he decides that such a course is impossible. But a man who spends most of his life in close touch with politics cannot fail to accumulate a wide general knowledge of laws and their purposes and their practicability.

An Equal Chance for All

Many men have been induced to enter politics after achieving success in other businesses and professions. Journalists, because their business is to watch closely and comment upon the trend of political affairs, often enter public life. Successful business men frequently have the same opportunity. The Hon. Andrew Mellon, probably the most able Secretary of the Treasury we have had since Alexander Hamilton, is the most notable case in point.

But in the long run, a man who has devoted his life to politics is better fitted for public life than the man who enters public life without practical experience. It is difficult for most persons to realize how highly specialized the work of a legislator is. Except in the rare cases of exceptionally brilliant and talented men, it is exceedingly difficult for a man to enter politics without political experience and achieve immediate success.

Young men often ask me whether it is an advantage for a man in public life to come from the city, or from the farm, or from any particular race or social class.

To state this question is to answer it. A man who devotes his life to the service of an agricultural region, a man who has lived all his life in the country or in the small town, has exactly the same opportunity to serve his people as the city man. Indeed, the voice of the farmer is being heard even more strongly these days, and rightly so. His crops feed the nation, and it is only just that the nation should give him a just return. Generally, the nature of the farmer's work gives him less opportunity to mingle with his fellow men than most men have, and it is harder for him to make his voice heard. But today he is making his voice heard, and from now on it will be heard stronger and stronger. There is a great place for young men from the country regions in national politics.

Make Voting a Habit

As for class distinctions, there never can be class distinctions in a country where all young men start out in life with an equal opportunity. The assembly over which I have the honor to preside is the living corporate embodiment of the American theory and system of broad-minded toleration. There we judge a man by what he is. We do not care what his parents were, or where they came from. Our only concern is as to what manner of man our colleague is.

I have spent nearly four fifths of my life since my college days as a member of Congress. I have known in that time, sometimes intimately, all of the very great men in both the House and the Senate. I have known too most of the near-great, and hundreds of men who were not great in any sense, and I am of the conviction that the membership of the Congress of the United States averages at least as high as that of any legislative body at any time in any country of the world.

Every boy who hopes some day to find himself in Congress must realize, however, that we are no body of supermen. Probably none of us would be in Congress if we were, because supermen are not always sufficiently popular with the rank and file to make a start in politics. But by and large I believe that the average Congressman represents just about the average intelligence and patriotic spirit of his constituency.

To those young men and young women who have definitely decided not to devote their whole lives to public service, I must take this opportunity to offer one word of valuable advice: throughout your whole lives, give as much time as you can spare to the study and discussion of public affairs. Time after time, the public affair turns out to be your own private affair. If you take no part in the government of your town, your city, your state and your nation, what interest can you expect the government to take in your opinion? Unless you attend the meetings of your local organization, and vote in the local primaries, as well as in the elections, how can you be sure that honest, intelligent men are going to represent your voice and make your laws?

I have always noticed that the bitterest criticism of men in public life comes from those persons who have taken the least active interest in public affairs. The attitude of most persons who are eligible to vote, but neglect this almost sacred duty of the citizen of a great republic, is: "What difference does my vote make, among so many?" One vote may make the whole difference. Certainly the mass effect of this one form of indifference is tremendous.

The Promise of Tomorrow

I have the greatest confidence in modern American youth. The young people of today impress me as being more intelligent, better educated, clearer visioned and capable of a broader and more liberal range of interests than the young people of yesterday. Indeed, they must be, if they are to inherit the government of this greatest, most prosperous, most influential country under the sun. As our industries expand and our resources are further developed, the problems of government will become increasingly complex and increasingly difficult, placing each year heavier responsibilities upon all of us.

If the young people of today prove worthy of this responsibility, we shall go forward, playing a leading part in the affairs of the world, giving friendly service to our neighbors less fortunately situated, unfettered by any alliance or obligation, towards a future of a brilliancy not dreamed of by the Fathers of the Republic.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the third of a series of articles on the different professions, each written for *The Youth's Companion* by a leader in his own field. The fourth and fifth articles will appear in early issues.

Sewing Susie

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 2

ON Wednesday morning Ann Longport sat on the step of the back porch of her Grandmother Fiddler's house. Her feet, planted on the brick walk, were clad, not in slippers, but in substantial shoes, suitable to wear in the country. Her hands were clasped across her closed eyes, her head was bent.

She was thinking of none of the delights of farm life; she was longing for the moment when she might depart. She saw against her closed eyelids two exciting visions. First there was a tall, yellow-haired boy sitting before a sewing-machine stitching a shirt. She threw back her head and laughed; he revolved his tongue in his cheek as he sewed. She saw in the second place a wild on-rush of men, brandishing pistols and yelling, then a steady procession of soldiers on foot, bronzed, dusty, emaciated, forlorn, but at the same time haughty and awesome, the Confederates at last. It had been only another scare, for, finding none of the supplies they needed in Gettysburg, they went on to York.

"Just as I said," declared Ann. "But they

may come back, and there may be millions more."

She opened her eyes and looked across the fields.

"I mean to take my choice of places to watch whatever goes on. I can stay here—they might fight before this very door. Or I can go back to Aunt Lu's—they might bring wounded soldiers into the house, and I could nurse them. Or"—she rose to her feet—"or I can go to Uncle Chris's store. I might help if he were very busy. I could see the soldiers then close to. Grandmother"—she walked toward the kitchen door—"is the butter ready?"

Grandmother Fiddler was molding the last pound. She was short and stout, and her little hands moved rapidly. She stamped a

rose on the yellow pat and looked at Ann with misgiving. From the west, dimmed by the hills between, came a popping sound. They heard it vaguely; it did not suggest fighting.

"Are you sure Aunt Lu meant you to go back?"

Ann's heart gave a jump of dismay, but she answered steadily, "That was the idea. Aunt Lu's almost out of butter."

"You'll go quickly and stay indoors?"

"Unless they have errands for me."

"A little girl has no business on the street."

Ann lifted the basket and kissed her grandmother, then she stepped swiftly across the porch and out to the gate. It was all so peaceful that she forgot her dreams of war.

SUDDENLY there was a stir in the air, the popping grew louder, as though a square away a child might be discharging a toy pistol. There was an undercurrent of heavier sound, but from what direction it came one could not be sure. Deaf to the vague commotion, Ann planned to surprise Bob once more at his sewing. But he might have put a bolt on the door! She was annoyed by a picture of herself barred out.

The butter grew heavy, and she changed the basket from hand to hand. Slackening her pace, she became at last aware of a sound different from the morning sounds of crowing roosters and singing birds—a shout in a hoarse voice—no, it was a shout in many voices, all far away. There was a clanging, as of some large object made of iron being moved rapidly.

She took a few steps backward to look round a clump of trees, but there was nothing to be seen except the pleasant landscape. From a house a little distance ahead came a tall young man—she began to walk fast, then to run. She would ask this young man what was happening.

"Wait a minute!" she called.

The figure turned; it was surmounted by a

head of thick yellow hair. Ann was startled, but there was in her voice no recollection of yesterday; this might have been the most welcome of meetings.

"What's the matter?" she asked breathlessly. "There are the queerest sounds!"

"General Buford came in yesterday afternoon with six hundred cavalry."

"And I was away!"

"They encamped on Seminary Hill. The Army of Virginia and the Army of the Potomac are supposed to be close by, and it's likely they'll fight here."

Ann remembered the brandished guns.

"Will those that were here come back?"

"I suppose so."

"A battle!" Ann was really hopeful at last. "Where are you going?" asked Bob. Was it possible that she was going to be amiable? He longed to carry her basket, but did not dare to offer. Having attended to an errand, he was going home in obedience to the stern command of his mother, a little round woman who spoke with the authority of a general.

"Where am I going?" repeated Ann. She looked up, and Buford's charger on Seminary Hill lifted no prouder head. "I haven't decided. I can take my choice of three places, Aunt Lu's, or Grandmother Fiddler's, or Uncle Christopher's store. I may stand in the store, or,—the arrogance of liberty put a quiver into her voice,—or I may offer my service as a hospital nurse, or—"

Bob flushed crimson—how ignominious his lot in comparison with this freedom! "Perhaps you'll get a gun," said he. "All the old guns are being shined up. Constable Burns is getting his Mexican War rifle ready."

Here was a new note! Ann shifted her basket, not with an air of departure, but with the air of meaning to remain. The metallic clang was more distinct.

"I won't get a needle anyhow," she said smartly.

Bob took a quick step as though this sharp implement might have pricked him. He continued in a mocking tone.

"You might get a Revolutionary gun. My grandmother has one; you'd look well with it over your shoulder. Or you might help man a cannon. There was Mollie Pitcher; she—"

"And there was Sewing Susie," retorted Ann. She lengthened her verse with hissing s's.

"Sewing Susie's sweetly stitching shirts for suffering soldiers, Oh, see the stunning shirts that Sewing Susie sews!"

"Tomboy!" cried Bob furiously.

Ann took a long step. "Sewing Susie!" she said over her shoulder with a spiteful laugh.

THE aspect of the street had changed; one might think that it was church time and that everybody was starting at once. There was, however, no churchly composure. Women rushed back and forth, children cried, men gave directions.

In the Square, Ann saw a flash of blue, a glint of arms. Here were blue-coated soldiers. They rode in pairs, two down York Street, two up Baltimore Street, two down Carlisle Street toward Ann. One, a tall, robust, red-faced man, molded his hands into a trumpet.

"A battle's to be fought here," he shouted.

"When the cannonade begins, go to your cellars. The town will be spared as much as possible, but there may be accidents. Mind your business, and you'll come to no harm."

To Ann's right opened an alley—here she could make good speed. She began to run, not from fright, but so that she might rid herself of her basket as soon as possible. Her nankeen-clad legs moved swiftly, her breath came quickly but evenly. She ran two squares and whirled to the left, and saw standing, gray and pleasant, Aunt Lu's house. She ran up the side street and entered the kitchen. Auntie Min stood by the table; again she was baking the pie which Uncle Chris preferred to all others. Ann dropped her basket on the nearest chair.

"Don't you know there's going to be a battle?"

"Is dat so?" Auntie Min cut an apple in two. "De folks say battle too often."

"Where's Aunt Lu?"

"Mis' Horner, she sent fo' her, and oder ladies dey come fo' her. Dey's gettin' de bandages ready."

Ann's heart leaped. Bandages!

"Bettah get at yo' sewin'," advised Auntie Min. "Nevvah no young lady what can't sew. How you keep house fo' yo' yellow-haired beau; les' you can sew? How you



Ann took a long step. "Sewing Susie!" she said over her shoulder with a spiteful laugh

make dishcloths, or tea towels, or quilts, or—"

Fury, coupled with dread lest Auntie Min might say something more abominable, blazed in Ann's heart and strengthened her arm to give the door into the dining-room a furious slam, herself on the other side.

Wearily from her run, she sat down and fanned herself with her hat. A battle—what should she do? Her brown eyes glittered; the first thing was to hide one's possessions, and there on the sideboard were her silver sugar bowl and cream pitcher, and in the drawer were the ten precious spoons! They would be stolen, or they would be melted down, or, if the house were burned, they might be burned with it!

But where should they be hidden? Here

were no secret drawers, here no secret cupboard. She knew only one safe hiding-place, the cellar under the spring-house at the farm, and how could the silver be transported so far? A basket would rouse suspicion; she would be challenged by the first soldier.

Ann simply couldn't believe that she was almost in a real battle. She had read all about battles in books. Caesar talked a lot about battles, but Caesar's battles never seemed very real to her. But she knew all about battles in the Middle Ages, because she had read Scott's "Quentin Durward" and "Ivanhoe." In those days a battle was a battle! They shot longbows, and they rode wonderful horses, and they threw things down on people from the tops of castle towers. And in every battle there always seemed to be a beautiful lady, pining away while her knight fought for her honor and glory. Well, then, Ann told herself, she would be the beautiful lady of this battle, just like a heroine of Scott's.

And then it occurred to Ann that she wouldn't want to be just like a heroine in a romance. She wasn't brave for anything so insignificant as a boy. No, sir-ee! She was doing it all on her own hook, and she was all alone, and she, not the hero, was rescuing her family silver!

This thought delighted Ann inexpressibly. It made her forget entirely that this was not a story book, but the real thing.

Suddenly a bright idea almost choked her. She rose and locked the door through which she had come so that no curious Auntie Min could surprise her. Then she took off her dress and stood revealed in pantalettes and a garment worn by little girls called a "body."

On a table in the corner was Aunt Lu's work-basket piled high with carpet rags. Taking a handful of strips, she selected a piece long enough for a belt and tied it tight round her waist. She tied a short length to the sugar bowl, a short length to the cream pitcher and short lengths to each spoon, and these she suspended from her belt, the sugar bowl on one hip, the pitcher on the other, and between them like an apron, the spoons.

She put on her dress and rose to her toes

so as to see as much as possible of herself in the mirror over the console table—the humps at her sides were not large. She put on her hat. She disdained to leave a message with Auntie Min; she had decided that she would never speak to Auntie Min again. She wrote on a piece of paper, "Aunt Lu, I've gone back to Grandmother Fiddler's." Then she went through the cool sitting-room, into the broad hall, and out into the sunshine.

"If only Aunt Lu doesn't come into sight before I get into the alley!"

She crossed the street, ran down a side street, and was in a moment in an alley. The noise grew louder each moment—there was hoarse shouting, more screaming, more confusion. There was also a slight, almost imperceptible trembling of the earth, of which her flying feet took no heed. She ran through another alley behind the Carlisle Street houses.

"Whoa!" roared a loud voice.

Ann believed that a cannon had been discharged directly at her. But cannons were not masculine in outline, nor did cannons have arms, nor could they speak in a human voice.

"Whoa, sissy!" came the roar again.

"I surrender!" she cried weakly.

A yell of laughter answered. This was the burly soldier who had trumpeted the warning of battle; he had dismounted to adjust his saddle and was about to remount when she catapulted into him.

"Ho, ho!" he laughed. "You surrender, do you! Which side are you on?"

"The Union, of course!"

"I'm Union myself; you needn't surrender to me! Where are you going?"

"Over there to Grandmother Fiddler's."

The soldier looked at her curiously.

"What are those lumps?" he inquired. "And why do you rattle when you run?"

Ann felt sublime confidence in the trustworthiness of this man.

"The silver sugar bowl and the cream pitcher and ten spoons," she explained.

"They belonged to the founder of this town, and now they're mine. I'm carrying them to my grandmother's to hide them. Oh!"

ANN closed her remarks with a shriek. A third voice had entered into the conversation; speaking in a deep bass, it said "Boom!" and then "Boom! Boom! Boom!" with long pauses between. In the first pause the soldier finished working with his strap, with the second boom he was in the saddle. In the second pause he said sharply, "Get to your grandmother's as quickly as you can and stay there!" Before the third boom he was galloping up the street. Sparks flew from his horse's hoofs as they struck the stones.

Ann sped across the field. The four booms having sounded, there was a longer pause.

"I'll get to the spring-house before there's another!"

She opened a gate and closed it. There was now a shield of shrubbery between her and the house.

"Oh, I pray that Grandmother doesn't see me!"

She opened the spring-house door—how dark and cool and quiet! She lifted a trap-door—there was the ladder, there was the deep well. How perfectly black, how icy cold!

"Boom!" blared the deep voice again, and went on, now without pause, "Boom! Boom! Boom!"

She climbed down the ladder, the sugar bowl catching on one side, the cream pitcher on the other. Standing in the cold slime on the floor, she began to untie the strings, one by one.

"Simpleton!" she cried when she had tugged for a long time in vain. "Idiot!"

She pulled at her belt; loosened by her motions, it could be pushed down over her slender waist. There was nothing to hide the silver in or under, but no one would come down here. She dropped the belt with the strange pendants in a corner, she climbed the ladder and gave it a shove so that it toppled over, then she dropped the trap door. How bright and safe the sun! A battle—what would a battle be like?

"Boom!" said the ominous voice. She stepped out into the sunshine and across an open space toward the shrubbery.

"If she looks out the door, I'm lost!" She took another step, another.

Grandmother was looking out, but she was looking in exactly the opposite direction. Kneeling at the attic window, she heard the booming sound, she saw billows of smoke and flashes of fire, and she bent her head and began to pray. What she said was, "God, keep us all safe, and especially little Ann."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



In the second pause he said sharply, "Get to your grandmother's as quickly as you can and stay there!"

IN ELEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 10

CAMERON returned to his senses, after hours of profound sleep, in a room the likes of which he had never seen before. The late morning sun had crept under the lowered blinds enough to make the room attractively light without the glare. As Cameron's bewildered eyes roamed over the cheerfully papered walls, the wonderfully upholstered furniture, the high, polished posts of the bed in which he lay, and the soft, heavy coverlet, his amazement grew.

Where was he?

He sat upright, placing a hand to his head and striving dazedly to piece together the events prior to his losing consciousness. He finally sank back upon the pillow with a low groan of despair.

It was then that a vision appeared in the doorway—a vision with dancing blue eyes and golden hair that seemed to give back the golden rays of the sun.

"Well, good morning, Mr. MacBain!" it said.

"Miss—Miss Evans!" Cameron exclaimed at length.

"Of course! Who did you think it was?" smiled Catherine, amused at his perplexity. "What a good, long sleep you've had! Feel better?"

"Where am I?" demanded Cameron, sitting bolt upright.

"You're in our guest bedroom," informed Catherine, promptly.

Cameron frowned. "What date is this?" he asked suddenly and with great eagerness.

Catherine, taken by surprise, was agonizingly slow in answering.

"Why—a—let me see. The last day of September! You're to stay in bed all day today. Daddy said you had a very close call and that Mrs. Scott—she's the housekeeper—wasn't to let you up under any circumstances!"

"But it's the last day of September!" cried Cameron. "And I've got to!" He checked himself with the warning thought that he should keep his own counsel. "I feel all right. Honest, I do! Er—a—don't you suppose your father's got—some clothes I could wear out-doores!"

Catherine hesitated. But Cameron finally had his way. Under strenuous protest Mrs. Scott, the kindly housekeeper, brought in a miscellaneous layout of Mr. Evans's cast-off clothing, leaving it for the headstrong boy to struggle into.

And it was, while he was thus occupied that Frank Ballinger, factor of the post at Edmonton, accompanied by Mr. Pierce, burst in upon him!

"WELL, hello, my boy! Do you remember me?"

Cameron started and backed away self-consciously, staring at the heavy-set, jolly-faced man who confronted him.

"Why—why, Mr. Ballinger!" he cried. "What do you think of a man who will come all the way from Edmonton to help out the son of an old friend?" asked Mr. Pierce, a jovial twinkle in his eyes.

Mr. Pierce strode over to the door and closed it, then turned about, motioning Ballinger and Cameron to be seated.

"There'll be plenty of time to gad," he said, by way of explanation, "but right now there's things of great importance to be settled. First of all, Cameron, we want an account of what's happened to you!"

Starting from the time he had left the Pierce home to get his belongings from Miller's rooming-house, Cameron quickly touched upon the mysterious events which had occurred to him.

"And after the canoe tipped over, I just can't seem to remember a thing," Cameron concluded. "My mind goes dark from there on until my waking up here—in Evans's house!"

"And that's the most peculiar part of the whole most extraordinary affair!" added Mr. Pierce. "To think that Mr. Evans would be involved in this thing and yet have taken care of you in this manner! What do you make of the riddle, Ballinger?"

The Edmonton factor shook his head.

"I'm not well enough acquainted with the lay of the land to venture an opinion," he rejoined. "I doubt if any of us will get very far until Evans and the other two gentlemen are rounded up. That's our immediate problem—finding them!"

"Are—are they all gone?" asked Cameron, surprised.

"Been gone since early last evening," said Mr. Pierce.

"It's because it's the last day of Septem-

Cameron MacBain Backwoodsman

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN and HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN



"Sit down and be sensible!" Ballinger ordered Stearns and Hale. "The first false move and some one gets hurt!"

ber!" declared Cameron, leaping to his feet. "I don't know why, but I overheard the man who runs the general store say once that, if they could hold me off until the first of October, proof of my identity wouldn't do me any good!"

Pierce and Ballinger exchanged thoughtful glances.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Pierce, starting up, "I wouldn't have believed it, but this must be the solution!"

"Sounds mighty plausible to me!" thundered the heavy-set Mr. Ballinger. "Now you're beginning to analyze the situation. And this makes it all the more imperative that these shysters be located, and located at once!"

"But how?" asked Mr. Pierce. "We haven't the slightest idea where they have gone. In the time we've got left it will be like hunting a hen's egg in three hay mows!"

Cameron, listening intently, closed his eyes as his mind flashed back again to those last few moments of recollection when he was being lifted into the car, and when he heard, vaguely, that strangely familiar voice talking. Ah, here it was—those two words come back to him.

"Hotel Seldon!"

Moulton Pierce, about to speak to Ballinger again, looked queerly at Cameron.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"Somebody said 'Hotel Seldon,'" declared Cameron. "I'm sure of it now. I've been listening to the words inside my head, and I can remember thinking that 'hotel' wasn't right, that it should be 'fort'!"

"Well, it shouldn't take us long to find out about this," decided Mr. Pierce. "I'll put in a phone call to the Hotel Seldon, St. Paul, right away, and inquire if the men we want are putting up there!"

"Hello!" called Mr. Pierce when the connection was finally established. "Hotel Seldon?—Give me the room clerk please!—Thank you!—Room clerk?—Would you be good enough to advise me if three gentlemen from Deep River are registered with you? Their names are John Stearns, Jeffrey Hale and Benbow Evans.—Yes, I'll hold the wire. —They are! Room seven-eighteen!—No, I don't care to be connected. Thank you very much!"

Mr. Pierce hung up the receiver with a sharp click and hastened back with the news. He was met at the door by the man and boy from the Far North and behind them a wondering, wide-eyed girl.

"Catherine," said Mr. Pierce, deciding to take her into his confidence, "I've just found your father is in St. Paul. This gentleman is Mr. Ballinger, who is factor of the Hudson's Bay trading post at Edmonton. He knows all about Cameron and has come to Deep River for the purpose of straightening everything out as to Cameron's identity!"

"Oh, I think that's splendid!" beamed Catherine, sincerely. "But, Mr. Pierce, the morning train's gone, and there isn't any other train for St. Paul till the night one. That would be too late!"

Mr. Pierce nodded. He had thought of this added obstacle.

"I know—we'll have to go by automobile," he said. "And the roads are none too good, either!"

Catherine's face brightened.

"Let me help!" she volunteered. "I'll drive you over in daddy's car!"

Mr. Pierce hesitated, secretly glad of the offer.

"I'll have it ready in half an hour!" promised Catherine.

THINGS moved swiftly after that. It was thirty seconds after the specified half-hour when the daughter of Benbow Evans picked Cameron, Mr. Ballinger and Mr. Pierce up in front of the general

Cameron started and backed away self-consciously

store, but no one complained over this slight delay in plans.

"It's afternoon now," said Catherine to Cameron, in the front seat. "I've driven to St. Paul before in a little less than four hours. At that rate we should arrive early in the evening, barring mishaps. That gives you three hours leeway. Is that enough?"

Cameron relayed the question to his elders.

"Fine!" answered Mr. Pierce.

It is rare that trips made in great haste are completed without incident. At the end of the first hour, with twenty-eight miles already traversed and Catherine being congratulated upon her masterful driving, the engine commenced cutting up capers for no apparent reason other than to be stubborn.

"I think the trouble's in the carburetor,"

diagnosed Catherine and laughed as she caught Cameron looking at her, deeply puzzled. "See, it doesn't give me so much trouble when I go slower, but the moment I feed it more gas and try to make speed—"

Spull! Spull! Spull! Spull!

"Hey, don't experiment out here!" begged Ballinger. "I'll take your word for it. It's the carburetor all right! Take it easy till we get to a car doctor! If we get stalled out here, we're done for!"

Creeping along at hardly more than fifteen miles an hour, the car bearing four almost frantic individuals finally reached a small roadside borough and a building on which were scrawled the written words, "Garage and Blacksmith Shop."

Eddie Bumpus, the proprietor, came out reluctantly. Considerable persuasion was necessary before he started work.

Spull! Spull! Another precious hour, and Eddie Bumpus, more of a mechanic than he looked, straightened up slowly, pulled the hood down and announced, "She's only a temporary job, but she's not likely to have any more fits for the next hundred miles!"

"Here's ten dollars," proffered Mr. Ballinger, "and a thousand apologies for taking you away from your supper!" The machine was off again with a roar.

There was less than an hour of September left when the car at last pulled up outside the Hotel Seldon and the party tumbled out.

"We'll go up unannounced," directed Pierce in an undertone to Ballinger. "They might give us the slip if they knew we were coming!"

Hurrying down the hall, the party drew up outside, each one sensing a feeling of great tension. Inside room 718 three men sat, while the ticking seconds away. Two of the men seemed much at home in their surroundings and extremely satisfied with life. The third, a medium-sized man of reddish-brown hair, ruddy cheeks and a sandy moustache, was fidgety and ill at ease. He jumped at the slightest sound. When footsteps sounded in the corridor outside he cringed instinctively. The big-chested man spoke:

"Come out of it, Benbow! We're within the law. Do we know that the boy is actually an heir to the estate? We can be away from home on business if we want to, can't we?"

Evans made no reply. He was listening to footsteps sounding in the hall. The footsteps stopped. A moment more and a sharp rap struck the door panels.

"Who's that?" gasped the real-estate magnate of Deep River, uneasily.

"Daddy!" a girl's voice rang out—an anxious, intreating voice.

Dumfounded, Stearns reached over and slipped the lock, leaning heavily against the door.

"Let us in!" a commanding voice cried out.

Having given a warning which was not heeded, the heavy-set Ballinger placed a rugged shoulder against the door and pushed inward. The door all but left its hinges. As the Edmonton factor entered the room he encountered Stearns with a chair upraised, showing fight. The two men were about of a build. Hale stood just behind Stearns, obviously watching for the slightest opportunity to make a break for his freedom. Pierce and Cameron blocked the doorway. Ballinger made a quick, panther-like move and leaped inside the range of Stearns's swing. He caught the chair and wrenched it from Stearns's hands, flinging it to one side of the room.

During the brief interval which followed, when trapped and trappers stood glaring at each other, Catherine slipped through and dropped on her knees beside her father. The scene was heart-palpitating as well as heart-rending.

"Sit down and be sensible!" Ballinger ordered Stearns and Hale. "The first false move and some one gets hurt! All right, brother Pierce!" continued the man from the Far North. "Do your stuff! There's still fifteen minutes left!"

"If it's got anything to do with establishing an heir for the MacBain estate, you men are out of luck," informed Stearns, with a wise smile. "We are without the necessary papers!"

Whereupon Moulton Pierce, ordinarily just a traveling salesman but now giving evidence of knowledge in fields other than his own, pulled the necessary papers from his pocket.

"I was just waiting for you to say that!" was the answer that he gave.

And Stearns, giving vent to an exasperated snort, dropped down in his chair, signifying defeat!

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Teach Your Dog Useful Tricks

By PARKHURST WHITNEY



One true sport: Bully Kid, a setter owned by Major Trawel Scott of Atlanta, Ga.

Dogs of all breeds were useful long before they were ornamental. You will not have to labor long and painfully to teach your collie to guard sheep, or your terrier to kill vermin, or your pointer to flush birds.

The country dog, of course, has a glorious opportunity for a busy life. He can be taught to guard the sheep, drive the cows home, kill woodchucks and other vermin, hunt eggs, and even go down to the main road and take the mail from the rural free delivery man. The city dog can at least be taught to fetch your hat and guard your automobile.

If you will teach your dog to fetch, carry, go home, lie down, and guard on command, you will have the basis of the more complicated accomplishments. Between fetching a ball that has been thrown fifty feet and going alone to the post office and bringing home the mail is an interval of months of training. The six-months-old puppy can learn the former trick in a week. He should be at least a year old before he is ready for the advanced course. As for the old dog, there is a proverb that covers his case: "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks."

Much depends on the individual. There are precocious dogs, and shy, backward dogs. Teach slowly and steadily. The tired dog, like the old dog, is a poor student. Punishment is, as a rule, destructive. Praise and scraps of meat are indispensable.

Fetch and Carry

Draw an old glove through the puppy's mouth. Don't let him worry it. You are trying to teach him, among other things, to take good care of the article he is to carry. A dog can be taught to carry an egg without crushing it. Begin with a glove. Let him smell it. Then throw it a few feet and say, "Fetch!" Use no other word. Reduce all commands to their simplest terms. He will run after the glove, likely enough, but he won't fetch it to you. Take the glove away from him and repeat. He will get the idea presently. Five minutes is enough for the first lesson, less than that if he seems to tire. Finish with petting and a few scraps of meat. Increase the distance every day or two, and tighten up on your discipline.

Finding and Fetching

An interesting and important variation is finding and fetching. Hide the glove in a not too obscure place and encourage the puppy by voice and action to look for it. You yourself must hunt with him, rouse his curiosity, perhaps lead him to the hiding-place in the beginning. This teaches him to use both eyes and nose. It is preparation for the time when you command him to find and fetch your hat or to help you hunt eggs or lost balls. I know a dog that finds and fetches lost golf balls and earns considerable money for his master.

Carrying

Carrying is simply prolonging the act of fetching. But it is another trick and should be taught at another time. Let the puppy learn to carry as he follows you. When he drops the glove, as he will at first, put it back in his mouth and stroke his under jaw. Taper off gradually, so that finally he is holding the glove without assistance. Then repeat the command and move off. Vary the distance from day to day, and vary the article to be carried. Let him get accustomed to carrying your cap, or a light baseball mitt, or a folded copy of The Youth's Companion.

Home

Let the puppy follow you fifty feet down the street for the first lesson. Then turn on him,

give the command, and advance sharply toward him. You may threaten a little here, if necessary. Don't overdo it, or you'll scare him. Increase the distance daily, and follow him every step of the way until he obeys promptly and willingly.

Now, if you have done this preliminary work well, you can begin to build. You can take him into the house and teach him to find and fetch your hat. You can take him to the creek and train him to fetch from the water. You can take him down the street, put a magazine or a letter in his mouth and tell him to carry it home. Eventually you can aspire to the day when he will go alone to the post office or to any given objective. I don't mean to suggest that he can be taught to run a great many different errands. You had better make your choice and stick to it.

Suppose that the post office is the objective. Naturally you will have to accompany him many times as a preliminary. And you will have to get the postmaster to cooperate. Let the hour of starting be the same every day. Make a fuss over your preparations, so that he will get excited, interested. Teach him to associate some such word as "Mail!" or "Post office!" with the event. Always let him carry the mail home.

The next step is to take him to the office, give him the mail, and send him home ahead



Does a dog mind being clean? Judging from the expression on the face of Miss Nellie Lester's champion collie, there are few things a dog likes better. If you really love your dog, you will wash and brush and comb him regularly once a week.

of you. If he has been well trained in the fundamentals, this should be easy. Teaching him to go to the post office alone is the real trick. But if he has been over the route many times with you, he will be ready at that hour every day. A dog has a good sense of time. He will even come to you and signify his readiness by tail and voice.

The next step is to wait outside and let the postmaster start him home. Then you can go halfway to the post office with him, hiding at some point where you can watch him and check any refractory tendencies. Eventually you should be able to open the door and leave the rest to him. Another extremely useful little trick that you should be able to teach your dog by this time without much difficulty is to shut doors. As before, reduce the command to as few words as possible, and never vary the formula. Say, "Shut the door!" Then make him push against it with his nose. Be patient, and reward him with scraps of meat when he begins to learn.

Lie Down

Give the command to lie down and at the same time press firmly on the puppy's back. He should be made to lie on his belly with his paws extended. Hold him down a minute and release him with the command, "Get up!" When it is no longer necessary to keep your hand on him, make him lie down while you hide where you can watch him. Exact obedience is required or the trick is a failure. When he is able to do that it is fair to let him lie in any position he chooses.



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Required by the Act of August 24, 1912.
Published weekly at Concord, N. H.

HARFORD W. H. POWELL, Jr., Editor Boston, Mass.

LEONARD DREW, Publisher Boston, Mass.

BARKLIE MCKEE HENRY, Managing Editor Boston, Mass.

MACGREGOR JENKINS, Business Manager Boston, Mass.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY, Owners Boston, Mass.

CHARLES E. KELSEY, Newton Centre, Mass.

EDWIN STOCKIN, Concord, N. H.

J. M. E. DRAKE, Concord, Mass.

ESTATE OF SETH MENDEL, Brookline, Mass.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1927.

JOSEPH W. VINAL, Notary Public.
(My commission expires October 9, 1930.)

[Seal]

When writing to advertisers please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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Remittances: Bank Check or Draft, Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter; no other way by mail is safe.

Manuscripts: Send to The Editors, inclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. MSS. will be given ordinary care, but return is not guaranteed. Keep a carbon copy of all MSS. you send to publishers.

Published by

PERRY MASON COMPANY

Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H.
Editorial and General Office, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

FACT AND COMMENT

SCIENCE, government, law and progress are not enough. Education of the spirit is necessary. Religion is necessary.—Calvin Coolidge.

ARE THE TURKS backward or really more civilized than we? They have a law that you must not use bad spelling or bad grammar in advertisements to attract attention to your wares. You can't sell "sox" in Constantinople.

THE POLICEMAN is supposed to lead an extra-hazardous life. Yet in New York, in the last three years, twenty-seven street cleaners have been killed to thirty policemen—and there are twice as many policemen as street cleaners. The answer? It is the motor car. Reckless automobile drivers have made the street a place of constant danger, even for those who have the fullest right to use it.

MR. CLARENCE DARROW makes much of the fact that the chemical materials that compose a man's body could be bought at a drug store for ninety-five cents. Then the man whose services to a great business enterprise are worth \$100,000 a year is producing the most astonishing return from his capitalization. As a matter of fact his capital is something far greater than the market price of his mineral elements. The fact that you can't see or weigh or touch with your fingers the mind, the character, the soul of man does not mean that these things do not exist.

YOUTH AND POLITICS

WE must never forget that democracy is still on trial. In two great European countries it has been thrown contemptuously overboard. In the countries where democratic institutions still exist, they are continually questioned. Two brilliant Europeans, M. Clemenceau and Mr. H. G. Wells, have within a year given it as their considered opinion that democracy is impossible as the basis of efficient or intelligent government. In the United States alone do well-informed persons take it for granted that the rule of the people has justified itself.

Democratic institutions, if they are to remain in a healthy state, require constant and intelligent attention to political affairs on the part of the majority of the citizens. That is hard to get, especially in these days, when the struggle for more money and the increase in the amount of diversion and popular entertainment occupies so much of the time our fathers used to give to thinking about public affairs. Moreover, democracy, in opening a career to any ambitious man, offers opportunities to the demagogue and the time-server as well as to the man of intelligence and conscience. There is a constant danger that government will fall into the hands of insincere politicians who get votes by making impossible promises, and too often sell their votes in turn to those who have personal ends to gain from legislation.

That is why we want every boy and girl who takes The Youth's Companion to read carefully the very interesting and important article by Mr. Longworth, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, which we publish in this number. Mr. Longworth is a good example of the kind of man we need in public life; one who brings a trained intelligence, sincerity of purpose and devotion to his country into the business of government. He is, like his father-in-law, the late

President Roosevelt, a man whose circumstances would have permitted him to enjoy a life of ease. But he has chosen to use his gifts and his energies in the service of the nation. Read what he has to say to youth of the opportunities and satisfactions that service offers. It does not offer any chance of wealth, but not everyone, even today, thinks that wealth is the only proper object of ambition. Mr. Longworth happens to be a man of independent means, but President Coolidge, another example of fidelity and patriotism in public life, is not. Yet he adopted in youth the political career and was content to live simply and thriftily, in order that he might give himself to the service of his state and his nation, instead of to the making of money.

We hope Mr. Longworth's article will awaken an interest in politics among our young readers, and that it may here and there turn one of them toward a lifetime of honest and disinterested public service. On the conduct of the men who manage our political affairs for the next generation or two, the continued existence of government of the people, by the people and for the people must depend. We need all the brains and all the character we can possibly get into our public life.

OUR HUNDRED AND FIRST YEAR

WITH this number The Youth's Companion passes definitely into its second century. It has already attained an age as exceptional among periodical publications as among the men and women who edit and read them. When, one hundred years ago last Sunday, the first number of The Youth's Companion appeared, John Quincy Adams was President of the United States; Queen Victoria was a little girl playing with her dolls in Kensington Palace; Napoleon Bonaparte had been dead only a few years; the world had never heard the names of Charles Dickens, Henry W. Longfellow and Abraham Lincoln; where the great city of Chicago stands there were only a swampy plain and a rude frontier fort; people traveled by stage coach, and the railway was only a curious experiment.

But for all its venerable years The Youth's Companion neither feels nor shows any signs of decrepitude. If there is a fountain of youth for periodicals, The Companion has found it. It is, we feel sure, as well adapted to the tastes and interests of youth today as its early numbers were to the youth of 1827; and probably much better. It enters on its second century strong in the confidence that its next hundred years will be as full of service and companionship to the boys and girls of the United States as its first century has been.

PRESCRIBING FOR FOOTBALL

ANOTHER doctor has offered to prescribe for the ills of intercollegiate football. Lusty as that institution appears to be, the opinion grows, among those who are not actively engaged in fostering it, that its increasing bulk is not a healthy symptom, and that it is already a dangerous parasite on college education in the United States.

The latest suggestion for diminishing the bloated importance of the game comes from President Hopkins of Dartmouth. Doctor Hopkins is a friend of athletics, and an admirer of football. He was once the graduate manager of athletics at Dartmouth. But he wants to make sure that the "varsity" teams are "made up of college students, incidentally playing football, and not of athletes incidentally attending college"; and he is convinced that something ought to be done to assure the public that the colleges exist primarily for intellectual purposes, and to quiet the feverish excitement over intercollegiate sport that now distracts students from giving proper attention to their real work.

He proposes that only sophomores and juniors be allowed on "varsity" teams; that coaching by graduates or professionals be forbidden; that seniors who have had their three years of football experience act as coaches for the younger men; finally that there shall be two "varsity" teams, and that when Dartmouth plays Cornell, for example, there shall be two games on the same day, one at Hanover and one at Ithaca. He wants to do away with the single "varsity" team and the one "big" game.

Obviously no college could put such a radical change into effect by itself, and so he wants the Dartmouth athletic council to

call a conference of the leading colleges in the East, to see whether they cannot agree to try out some such arrangement. It will be extremely interesting to see what sort of welcome this constructive suggestion for the "reform" of intercollegiate football receives from the other colleges. We can imagine that a great many college men, both undergraduates and alumni, will not like it; but such devotees of the present system will do well to take notice of the warning that accompanies President Hopkins's proposal; he tells them that intercollegiate football is "in a more hazardous position than its friends usually suppose," and that, if it is permitted to go on as it has gone for the last decade or so, nothing is more probable than its abolition.

THIS B WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

NO TENNIS IN THE OLYMPICS

THE International Tennis Federation has done a very sensible thing in deciding not to permit a tennis tournament in connection with the Olympic Games, which are to be held next year at Amsterdam. The games have become clumsy and interminable of late years through the inclusion of every sort of athletic exercise. It would be wise to confine them to track and field sports, according to the original plan. The Federation will hold an international tournament in 1928, and probably in Holland; but not at Amsterdam, and not under the jurisdiction of the Olympic Games committee.

THE FALL OF SHANGHAI

THE anticipated collapse of the army of Shantung troops defending the city of Shanghai against the advancing Cantonese, or Nationalist, forces occurred even sooner than was expected. The Shantung army proved to be quite without morale; many of the soldiers were drawn away by Nationalist propaganda and the rest showed no stomach for fighting. As the Nationalist army advanced into the city, the Shantung men, aided by a mob of Shanghai coolies, began to loot the native city, and a veritable reign of terror followed. The foreign concession, the most important commercial city in China, was protected by fifteen thousand British troops and about fifteen hundred American marines, as well as by numerous naval vessels lying in the river. This force was apparently equal to the task of keeping the looters out of the concession. What will follow next is uncertain. Nanking, the old southern capital of China, has also fallen into the hands of the Nationalist army. There, too, there was much riot and disorder, and shots were exchanged between the Chinese and the British and American gunboats which were at Nanking to protect the foreign residents of the city. Whether Chiang Kai-shek, the Cantonese commander, will try to push his way farther north or agree with Chang Tso-lin, the most powerful Northern war lord, to divide China into two states, with the Yangtze the approximate frontier, remains to be seen.

SOMETHING NEW IN STEEL

ACCORDING to reports from Lorain, Ohio, the United States Steel Company is building a great steel plant in that city to make a thorough test of an invention which is said to be the most remarkable advance in steel manufacture since Sir Henry Bessemer invented the blast-furnace process that bears his name. The new process, discovered by an Englishman named Hornsey, produces granular iron directly from the ore by heating, reducing and cooling the ore in a series of three rotary kilns—a more efficient and economical process than that now employed in the making of pig iron.

TALKING "DISARMAMENT"

THE preparatory commission on the limitation of armaments, constituted by the League of Nations, is again in session at Geneva. A complete treaty, to cover the method of limiting naval armaments and land effectives of the different nations, was presented by Viscount Cecil, the British representative, and another, less severe in its limitation of land forces, is to be offered by the French. No serious proposal to set bounds to the construction of civilian aircraft has been made, though superiority in that field might easily be decisive in warfare. The difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion is apparent from the warning of General Marinis, the Italian representative,

that Italy must not be expected to accept its present armament as that to which it was entitled.

BUTTON GWINNETT "GOING UP"

WE have several times alluded to the extraordinary value attached to the rare autographs of Button Gwinnett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Georgia. The market price of his signature is still rising. One of his autographs recently discovered among some old papers stored in an outbuilding at Mamaroneck, N. Y., has been sold at auction for \$51,000.

OUR PRODUCTIVE INCOME TAX

IN spite of some reductions made last year in the income-tax schedules, the tax continues to produce unexpectedly large sums. As a result of the payments made in March it is now expected that the Treasury surplus of receipts over expenditures will be almost \$500,000,000, and that it will be possible for the Treasury, by the use of the sinking fund and the surplus together, to reduce our national debt this year by a billion or even a billion and a quarter dollars. A further reduction in income-tax rates is already forecast in Washington as a result of the mounting receipts from that source.

ANOTHER OIL MAGNATE IN COURT

A WASHINGTON jury has convicted Mr. Harry F. Sinclair, the oil operator who leased the Teapot Dome naval reserve oil lands from the United States government, of contempt for the Senate, in refusing to answer questions concerning that transaction, put to him by the Senate committee of investigation. His counsel declared they would carry the case on questions of law to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile the verdict is of interest to those gentlemen who have refused to answer questions relating to their part in contributing funds to candidates in the Senatorial primaries in Illinois and Pennsylvania, asked by the Reed committee which has been looking into these elections.

MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

April 18, 1906. San Francisco Earthquake

THIS day beheld the menace dark and dire
That jealous Eastern cities term an earthquake,
But San Francisco calls a trifling fire,
Which failed to make her men of means and worth quake.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

AN OLD LADY'S PICTURE

The Companion's Religious Article

TWO women were sitting in the living-room of a comfortable farmhouse. One was old with the placid face that life bestows only on those who have used the years wisely and have found spiritual peace. The other was young. On her face time had as yet made no permanent record, but it was mobile and responsive, capable of expressing strong emotions and sharp transitions. Just now, however, it was drawn with terror, for a tremendous thunderstorm was raging, and as the thunder rolled and crashed overhead and the lightning stabbed the drenched and darkened landscape the young girl would cover her ears with her hands, and close her eyes.

"Oh, auntie," she cried, "how can you sit there and do fancy work in such a storm as this!"

The older woman looked up from the handkerchief that she was embroidering. "I have been seeing a picture," she said calmly. "I always see it in a thunderstorm. The picture shows the same background that you can see now if you look out of the window—the same fields and the same hills and woods. But I am a child again, standing

in the doorway, looking at the great thunder heads just poking up over Mt. Sanford, and watching for my father, who is at work in the hay fields. And by and by I see him glance at the sky and turn old Charles and Blackie and drive down the lane. He comes in wet with perspiration but absolutely unruffled, and sits down in this very rocking-chair that I am sitting in now, and begins to sing an old hymn. He knows how frightened I am, but he never says anything about it—just goes on singing one hymn after another; and the louder the thunder crashes, the louder he sings, until the shower begins to die away. Then he kisses me and goes back to his work.

"At first I was too young to think much about it, except that my father's presence comforted me; but as I grew older I began to realize that it was not only his presence that quieted my fears, but his faith. I doubt if he had ever heard of that splendid saying, 'There can no evil befall a good man, living or dead,' but it was the creed by which he lived. He felt that he was in the keeping of One who had only love for him, and whom he was content to trust; and almost without my knowing it he passed that trust on to me. It has made my life a peaceful and happy one, my dear."

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

A LITTLE bit more difficult are the questions this week—but not to Companion readers! Every subject in the following questions has been discussed in The Companion recently. Grade yourself and your friends by percentage of correct replies. For instance, twenty correct answers score 100 per cent, ten correct answers score 50 per cent, and so on. Don't consult the answers on page 283 until you have answered the questions:

1. What kind of animal is the "husky"?
2. Where is the new country of Tanganyika?
3. The autograph of which signer of the Declaration of Independence is the most valuable in the collector's market?
4. Who wrote "Henry Esmond"?
5. What great American, on being nominated for the Presidency, said, "There is a little woman over on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear the news; if you will excuse me, I will go and tell my wife"?
6. From what foreign country did we buy Alaska?
7. How many oarsmen row in a college racing shell?
8. In what outdoor sport are the following terms used: Hazard, slice, pin, follow-through, tee, dormy?
9. Which side of a boat is starboard?
10. What is the meaning of the word Halloween?
11. In what city is the headquarters of the League of Nations?
12. In what science were Steinmetz, Volta and Marconi distinguished?
13. What admiral commanded the United States fleet in foreign waters during the World War?
14. Where was President Coolidge born and raised?
15. What is the brightest fixed star?
16. What is the longest and most important river in China?
17. What were the names of Noah's three sons?
18. Who is the most famous woman tennis-player in the world?
19. What war in which the United States took part was ended by the treaty of Ghent?
20. Which of the four great food crops, wheat, corn, rice and potatoes, come from plants native to the American continents?

The answers to these questions are on page 283.

"MY MOTHER AND I"

(Prize-winning letters from girls in the Family Contest)

IN the Family Contest more than a hundred girls wrote true and tender appreciations of what their mothers' love and guidance has meant to them. The First Prize has been awarded to Elfrida Hawthorne (15), of Stapleton, New York. She writes:

When I hear girls complaining about their mothers, and telling how unsympathetic and unresponsive their mothers are, I realize that I am about the luckiest girl in the world.

Am I tired or discouraged? It is Mother who soothes me and whispers words of encouragement and hope. Am I cross and discontented? It is Mother who comforts and cheers me. Am I feeling happy, light-hearted and gay? It is

Mother again who enters into my mood and is happy in my happiness.

When I gain success in my work, Mother is the first to hear of it, and she rejoices with me. If I meet defeat and ill luck, I go to Mother with my sorrow, and she never fails me.

I sometimes wonder what she gets out of her life, for she never seems to think of her own happiness and success. She is never too busy to mend my clothes. It is never too much trouble for her when I bring a friend home for lunch or for a Sunday-night supper. She is never too tired to wait up for me when I go out to enjoy myself at a party. Yet what is there in this for her? Nothing. It is all done for me and for my happiness.

What should I do without her loving service, her affectionate companionship? Life would indeed be bleak and desolate without Mother to cheer, comfort and "pal" with me. To whom should I go to discuss my work, my play, my ambitions, my teachers, my friends? From whom should I get advice, consolation and sympathy? There is none other, and I say in thankfulness and praise that my Mother is the best friend I have.

ELFRIDA HAWTHORNE

Honorable Mention, for letters of very great merit, is given to Rayma Bertie, Morgantown, W. Va.; Ada C. Blakeslee, Thurston, Neb.; Lucile Brackney, Bainbridge, Ind.; B. B. Beardstown, Ill.; Mary I. Buddington, Evansville, Ind.; "Della Burns," Dickinson, N. D.; Almira Cagle, Egger, Ark.; Elizabeth J. Clarke, Morgantown, W. Va.; Maxine Coffey, Yosemite, Ky.; Margaret Davis, Minneapolis, Minn.; Gracie Driskile, Rustburg, Va.; Margaret Eby, Oscoda, Mich.; Elizabeth Espey, Rising Sun, Ind.; "Eve," Santa Rosa, Calif.; Virginia E. Fallen, Arlington, Mass.; "Tranquilina Ferris," Steele City, Neb.; "Gladys Young," Greenville, N. H.; Florence Goldsmith; Laura Gray, St. Albans, Vt.; Irene Gugin, Northville, S. D.; "Gretchen," Custer, Wash.; Ruth A. Hilton, Carleton, Nova Scotia; Huberta W. Hull, Kansas City, Mo.; Wanda Kochersperger, Emerson, Iowa; Lois Jamison, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Esther Jellison, Wilmington, Del.; Luella C. Johnson, Long Prairie, Minn.; Margaret R. Johnson, Shenandoah, Iowa; Harriet Larich, Camden, S. C.; "Betty," Middletown, R. I.; Joyce M. Lofgren, St. Charles, Ill.; Jean Love, Snohomish, Wash.; "Norine Lovejoy," Geneseo, N. Y.; Vera McElroy, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Mary Miller, Morgantown, W. Va.; Carol Miller, Bergen, N. Y.; Dorothy Netherwood, Tower City, Pa.; "A Mother's Pal," North Adams, Mass.; "Peggy," Youngstown, Ohio; "Pen Name," Sartell, Minn.; Helen E. Perry, Saybrook, Ill.; Inez Philpot, Egger, Ark.; Florence M. Phipps, Renwick, Iowa; Helen Plakotis, Morgantown, W. Va.; "Lois Prescott," Glen Cove, N. Y.; Lillie Price, Morgantown, W. Va.; "Mother's Helper," Woodstock, Ill.; Lyda B. Richman, Los Angeles, Calif.; "Her Mother's Pal," Puposky, Minn.; Edna Sanderson, Freeville, N. Y.; Doris M. Simpson, Clarion, Iowa; Bertha Stephens, Morgantown, W. Va.; Dorothy J. Tapley, Quenemo, Kan.; Dorothy Tearman, Greenwood, Ind.; "Texene," Sandpoint, Idaho; Cecelia M. Towne, Lawrence, Kan.; Gladys Treesh, Stroh, Ind.; Jean Warring, Newton, Mass.; Ada West, Binghamton, N. Y.; Geraldine Westaby, Madison, S. D.

ACCURATE MEASUREMENT

MICKEY was an apprentice in a shipyard, and the first morning the foreman put a two-foot rule into his hand and told him to go and measure a large steel plate. He returned in twenty minutes.

"Well, Micky," said the foreman, "what is the size of the plate?"

A satisfied grin stole over Mickey's face. "It's just the length of this rule," he replied, "and two thumbs over, with this brick, and the breadth of my hand, and my arm from here to there, bar the finger!"

THE BEST MOTION-PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend.

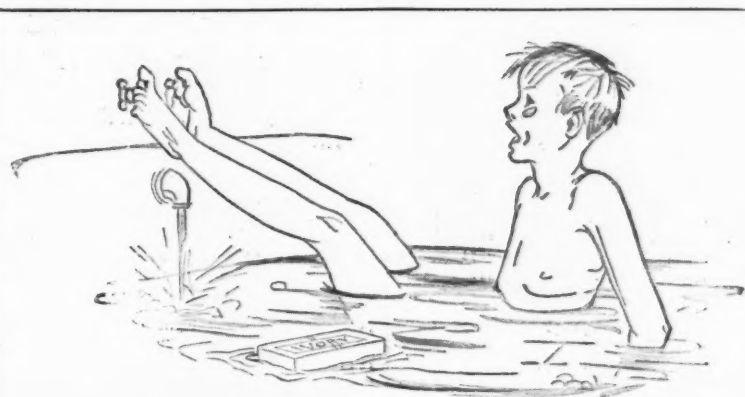
War Horses—Film Booking Office
An over-sea picture, reminding us that the horse did his bit in the World War. Buck Jones and his horse Tony

Rubber Tires—Producers Dist. Corp.
An ambitious daughter and an old flivver are the means of rehabilitating a ne'er do well. Bessie Love, Harrison Ford

The Kid Brother—Paramount
The lively and farcical adventures of a youngster who impersonates the Sheriff, his father. Harold Lloyd

Let it Rain—Paramount
An irresponsible young marine is steadied by the influences of danger, love and discipline. Douglas MacLean

Winners of the Wilderness—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Braddock's defeat and the capture of Fort Duquesne vividly told in a historical romance



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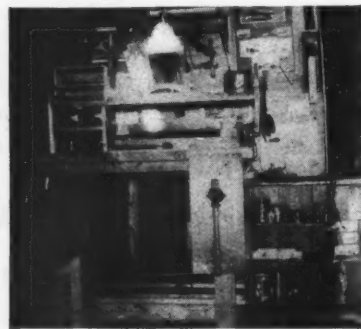
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73rd Weekly \$5 Award

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "The Director is empowered to make a Cash Award of \$5.00 weekly to the Member or Associate Member submitting, in the Director's opinion, a project of unusual merit. Such an award raises an Associate Member automatically to the grade of full Member."

THE photograph reproduced in this column should give a good idea of the spaciousness and elaborateness of the attic lab of Member Francis Kent (13) of Halifax, N. S. "It was in July, 1926, that my parents gave me permission to make a workshop in one end of the attic," says Member Kent. "The end of the attic when I got it was not covered with beaver board, so I covered it with very thick cardboard and put up pictures of ships, etc. I covered the floor with linoleum. Later I constructed a bench and got a small vice for it. Every once in a while some friends would come over and help me.



"I got some of my tools by selling magazines. Christmas money helped, also."

Member Kent has reason to be proud of his collection of tools and to be congratulated upon the pains he has taken to care for them properly. He has submitted an extremely neat plan drawing of his workshop, which cannot, unfortunately, be reproduced here. The list of tools, however, is as follows: 2 Stanley planes, 1 Rae plane, 2 squares, 1 gauge, 1 hammer, 4 saws, 1 bench saw, 5 chisels, 1 fret saw, 3 screwdrivers, 1 brace (and bits), 3 knives, 1 file, 2 soldering irons, 1 spokeshave, 1 monkey wrench, 3 pincers, 1 soldering set; also a good supply of paint, paint brushes, nails, wood, screws, sandpaper, ink and tacks, ship's telescope, microscope, set of drawing instruments, magnifying glass, strong wooden vise and a hand grinder.

The International Coupon

THE Director's desk buried beneath the daily avalanche of mail is a formidable spectacle. Letters, cards, packages, large and small—and always the unceasing stream of application coupons.

Almost simultaneously, have come Applicants from the far corners of the earth. From England come R. N. Ward, Norwood Grove, West Derby Road, Liverpool, and J. T. Bent, 13 Lyon Road, of Harrow. Newfoundland has sent John W. Pelly, George's Brook, Trinity Bay; Holland, H. F. C. Berckenkamp, 44 Koninginnelaan, Ryswyk, near The Hague; Mexico, Edward Lang, Hospital Americano, Av. Allende 310, Torreon, Coah., and Carlos Laguna, Jr., 3 Poniente 1303, Puebla; and South America, Robert Furhman, Casilla 1229, Santiago de Chile. Porto Rico is represented by Max Ramirez, Box 535, Rio Piedras, and Garcia Diaz, also of Rio Piedras.

From ancient Salonica hails Pierre Niottary, of Philhellin Street, 6, and from the vineyards of Venev in the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, has come Julian Waram, Villa "La Charnelles."

Civil war may rage in China, but the Lab is conquering it with little opposition: enlisting under our banner are John C. Oliver, Hangkow; J. Bard McNulty, Soochow Academy, Soochow; and James Edward Trimble, Yenching-fu.

A recent election brought to the roster of the Lab from Hyderabadwalla Buildings, Karachi, India, Associate Member John Lash, with a carefully described and most interesting project—a spinning machine for cotton.

From Finland came a request for a copy of Y. C. Lab Bulletin No. 2. Ilmar Jaunau, having read all about Cinderella in the Lab pages, decided that now is the time to begin the construction of his own model. Success to him in carrying out his project.

Nor is the domestic variety of coupon showing any signs of decrease. On the contrary, they continue to appear week after week in contingents of 300 and upward.

Is your coupon on its way?

ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work.

Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

Signature

Address

4-21



To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

A Footstool and a Mail Rack

The Lab has been experimenting with a few easily reproducible woodworking designs



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab



The Footstool

THIS is a copy of an old-fashioned footstool. It can be made of hardwood of attractive grain and varnished or finished in shellac, and either way it makes a handy piece of furniture. Gumwood or walnut would be fine for it. In case soft wood is used it should be enameled. The one shown here is made of soft pine and finished with seven coats of Murphy's black quick-drying lacquer. It gives an ebony finish. The cushion cover is a piece of figured tapestry.

The frame and legs are made of 3/4-in. stock. The frame is cut 11 in. by 2 1/2 in.; the ends, 8 1/2 in. by 2 1/2 in. This makes the rectangle into which the cushion fits and into which the legs are dovetailed. The joints for the frame may be dovetailed or doweled. We use dowels and glue. Cleats are nailed on the inside of the frame to hold the cushion; 3/4-in. stock in inch-wide strips will do nicely. Set the cleats down 1/2 in. below top edge of the frame.

The four legs are now cut out, and it is best to make a pattern from heavy paper first. Mark the outline on the wood and cut it out with coping or fret saw. These legs are 9 in.

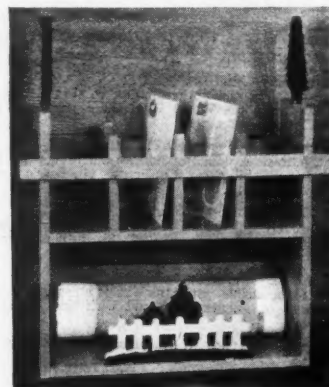


in height. The frame is set into them via the notches. These are cut in 3/4 in. from the inner edge of the legs. They are, of course, 2 1/2 in. wide, to take the frame tightly. A 3/4-in. dowel is fitted to hold the frame to the legs, and this is glued. To give strength to the legs and also for good looks, a 3/4-in. dowel is nailed between the legs. This is put in about an inch down from the top of the legs.

The cushion base is made from a single piece of 3/4-in. or 5/8-in. stock. Cut this 6 1/2 by 8 1/2 in. First cotton wadding is folded on the upper side of this until it has a satisfactory fullness. Then tack on some pieces of cotton cloth to hold it in place; put the carpet tacks into the back of the board and stretch the cloth tightly. There is nothing left but to put on the tapestry or other upholstery, which is tacked in the same manner. Leather can be used in place of tapestry.

The Mail Rack

A MAIL RACK like this can be set up in the hall or placed on the porch outside. It is very easy to make, and only simple tools are required. When finished in a few gay colors it makes a cheerful little ornament for the porch



or hall and serves its purpose of keeping incoming and outgoing mail from being scattered in all sorts of places.

The upper deck, so to speak, has four compartments, three for incoming mail and one in which to place letters for the postman to take. The bottom deck will hold the average long magazine. This rack looks its very prettiest with a copy of The Youth's Companion in the lower berth.

The rack is made of 3/4-in. stock, with the exception of the three side slats, which are 1/4 in. thick. Four pieces are cut 14 in. by 5 in. Two of these are for the bottom and the floor of the upper deck. The other two are the sides of the rack. Before the floor to the upper deck is nailed in, the three partitions must be nailed on. These are 5 in. wide by 5 in. high, and the top edge is cut in a curve. This edge can be left straight if desired, or some other pattern worked out. Three slats are made 17 in. long by 1 in. wide by 3/4 in. thick. Two of these are



nailed on 1 in. from the top of the partitions. The third one is nailed on the back of the rack, 2 1/2 in. above the floor.

The little evergreen trees are sketched out on a piece of 3/4-in. stock and cut out with a coping saw. They are set into the top of the sides with a small piece of dowel.

There is nothing left to do now but the fence. This is sketched out on the 3/4-in. stock and cut with the coping saw. The design is a simple picket fence with two bushes. This piece is attached to the front edge of the rack on hinges, so that it pulls forward, allowing the magazines to be put inside. There is a small spring connecting the upper edge of the fence to the floor inside; hence the fence pops back in place by itself.

The finish is light gray enamel or Murphy's quick-drying lacquer. The trees are emerald green, as are also the two bushes on the fence. The fence pickets are white.

HARRY I. SHUMWAY
Governor-in-Charge,
Y. C. Experimental Lab,
Wollaston, Mass.

Proceedings

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "There shall be published every week in The Youth's Companion the current proceedings of the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass."

MARCH 2: We have redesigned the treasure chest which we made some time ago. These new ones are to be much smaller. Started cutting out the wood into its various sizes.

MARCH 3: Assembled four treasure chests. They come in two parts each, like a trunk. They must fit nicely all round, or bad lines show up. Each one has about 200 brass-headed tacks in it for ornamentation.

MARCH 4: Began putting on the blue suede leather which is to cover the treasure chests. It is a fussy job. Each piece has to be cut just right, or we get a bad fit. The blue leather and brass tacks look great. We are glad of these opportunities to cooperate with the G. Y. C.

MARCH 5: Still working on the treasure chests. We should have finished the outside of them, but we ran out of leather. Member Sawyer is having a great time making a model canoe. He is hollowing it out of a huge chunk of sugar pine. Took a lot of pictures.

MARCH 7: We started a window harp a few days ago and had to halt for the need of extra-thin wood. We got the wood today, and the harp is under way. Everybody doing a little bit on this.

MARCH 8: Finished the window harp, and all we have to do now is fit it with three violin strings and hear it play. The way the wind is blowing tonight it ought to sound like the Symphony playing a storm selection.

SCHOOLS

Young Men

THIS is the largest professional school of college grade in the world devoted exclusively to training men for the duties of office manager, cost accountant, auditor, credit manager, comptroller, treasurer, and public accountant.

We admit men only. High school graduates accepted. Two-year course. Not a correspondence school. Dormitory accommodations.

To Be Bentley-Trained Carries Prestige In Business. Send for catalogue; it will interest you.

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You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

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DEAN ACADEMY, Franklin, Mass.

61st Year. Young men and young women find here a homelike atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in every department of a broad culture, a loyal and helpful school spirit. Liberal endowment permits liberal terms, \$475 to \$600 per year. Special course in domestic science. For catalogue and information address,
ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt.D., Headmaster

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

Thorough preparation for college or business. Efficient faculty, small classes, individual attention. Boys taught how to study. R. O. T. C. 43rd year. Special Summer Session. Catalogue, Col. T. D. Landon, Principal, Drawer C-15, BORDENTOWN, N. J.

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Military. College preparatory. Thoroughly equipped. Business course. Junior Department. Well-ordered athletics. Catalogue.
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A preparatory school for a limited number of boys. Wholesome country location. Carefully directed athletics. Supervised study and democratic ideals. Upper and Lower School. Moderate fees. Charles S. Ingham, Ph.D., Principal, South Byfield, Mass.

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New Administration of Famous Old School. Six Modern Buildings. Thorough College Preparation. One-Year Intensive Course in Business Methods. Athletics for Every Boy. \$675 Tuition. Address FREDERICK SMITH, A.M., Principal, Box 195, New Hampton, New Hampshire.

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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Springfield, Mass. Dept. 59

A. K. CROSS SUMMER ART SCHOOL

Boothbay Harbor, Maine July to November. New Method "does for Drawing and Painting what electricity does for Light and Power." ROBERT YONNOH, N.A., says, "Gain faster by mail than in art schools by old methods." Home Courses also. ANSON K. CROSS, Winthrop Station, Boston, Mass.

STAMMERERS

I can teach you to speak normally. Send for free booklet telling how.
SAMUEL Y. ROBBINS
419 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



Wide
World
Photos

Come to Camp

By BARKLIE HENRY

IT is only April now. Sometimes it seems as if the end of June would never come. There's a lot to do before boys and girls can pack their bags and think about summer. But spring goes quickly. You are going to wake up some morning soon and realize that camp time has come again!

Here is what you get at a summer camp. You learn all the lessons that nature can teach, under the supervision of men or women whose business it is to know. You discover that the man who can take care of himself in the woods is likely to be a good sort of man; you learn how to foretell the weather, how to swim the fast new strokes, how to paddle and sail and run motorboats. You improve your baseball or tennis game far more than you may do under the daily grind of school coaching. And you make fast friends, who will stick by you through life.

There is the best fun in the world at a summer camp. The object is good, healthy fun and work; and the work always turns out to be fun, too. For in the better summer camps today you generally find an all-pervading something which soldiers call morale, and which you will learn to call "camp spirit." This is an intangible thing. You can't lay your hands on it, you can't even describe it properly. But you know it exists and is the reason why you love your camp and every day of your life there. It makes you feel that you would do anything for the Camp. It carries you through the summer, in your sports, your trips and your jobs. It permeates the circle round the camp fire, when wonderful stories are told by men who have sailed the Seven Seas, or explored the Himalayas, or scored the winning touchdowns in famous football games.

Nowhere but at summer camp can a boy meet so many interesting men. The counselors in all the good camps are men whom it is worth traveling hundreds of miles just to know. And when the camp fire blazes up after supper, and they start telling true yarns, you have an experience that you cannot match anywhere.

As for the chap who is hard to manage at home or in school,—the fellow who seems too confident,—the summer camp soon corrects his character. The counselors, who have dealt with hundreds of such cases before, know just how to treat him. Sometimes he needs only friendly advice from men he respects. Often he corrects his own defects just because he is so happy and proud to be a member of a good camp.

One Day in a Camp

If you wonder how the time is spent at camp, let me tell you what I did, first as a boy camper and recently as a counselor. Often, of course, you all go away from camp on trips, on foot, on horseback, or in canoes. But

on just an ordinary day, with nothing of special importance happening—well, let's see. The reveille (pronounced, as you will quickly learn, "revelly") bugle blows about six-thirty or a quarter to seven in the morning. If there is a lake or river near by, you rush down and take a quick plunge. Then you hurry back for breakfast. And the food! The food is good. In a well-known camp last summer a twelve-year-old boy gained ten pounds in eight weeks.

After breakfast, you do a little "policing." It doesn't take long, and it's a mighty good thing for you to realize when you scatter envelopes and wrapping paper all over the place that you may have to be the one who cleans it up.

Splendid Games for All

After that, you probably have some time to yourself. Then about eleven the bugle in many camps blows for "soak," or the daily swim. It's good fun, too. There is a diving-board, and a competent instructor in swimming, who quickly teaches the inexperienced ones to love swimming.

After the swim, you can go out paddling in a canoe,—if you have passed the necessary swimming test,—or you can probably row round in a big, unsinkable dory.

Then lunch. Then a period of rest, when very likely the counselor reads to your group while you lie on your bed and digest lunch.

About two-thirty, the whole camp gathers in the assembly hall, and the plans for the afternoon are announced by the counselor of the day. Perhaps the older boys go off on an afternoon's hike or a horseback ride. Perhaps there is a game of hare and hounds, or a baseball game, or a field meet between two dormitories, or some fun for those who appreciate it in learning about nature.

You eat supper about six; then comes colors, and the Camp Fire. You sit round the Camp Fire in a circle, and boys and counselors take turns telling wonderful yarns or singing the camp songs. Then you go to bed, and almost before the last note of taps on the bugle dies away you are asleep.

And in a girls' camp, if you are a girl who loves good times, you will have even more fun.

Different camps have different ways. But they all seek the same end—to turn out a clean, healthy, level-minded, resourceful, intelligent group of boys or girls. Parents whose sons and daughters have gone away to camp know whether a summer camp is a useful institution. Ask them. Usually they have but one answer: for modern boys and girls, there's nothing so good as a good summer camp! If you are a boy, or a girl, ask your friends who have gone to camp. Do they like it? Most enthusiastically and sincerely, THEY DO!

For full information, write to the camps on this page, or to Camp Directory, The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.



Receiving Award for Horsemanship

CAMP SKYLARK

"The Junior Camp of Horsemanship," for Boys under 16.

Complete permanent equipment. Ideal living conditions. Experienced counselors. Healthful and beautiful location 20 miles from Boston, secluded yet accessible. All Land and Water Sports. Every Boy Rides Every Day. No extra charges. Write for new illustrated catalog.

ALEXANDER H. MITCHELL, PRINCIPAL OF THE MITCHELL SCHOOL, BILLERICA, MASS., BOX Y

CAMPS

CAMP ARBUTUS

For girls 10-18
13th year

Wooded shore on lovely Michigan lake. Canoeing, woodcraft, nature study. All sports. Correctives. Resident Physician.

References required. For booklet address EDITH A. STERE, Camp Arbustus, Mayfield Michigan

On Indian Lake. **CAMP Adirondacks**
OWAISSA
(For Girls) With all the delights of water, mountains and woodland — a happy summer in the out-of-doors. All land and water sports; tennis, riding, canoeing, swimming, hiking, dancing, etc. Post Office, Indian Lake, N. Y. Booklet, Miss Sallie E. Wilson Box Y, National Cathedral School, Washington D.C.

CAMP BAY STATE, TILTON, N. H.

For boys 9-18. Trips to all points of interest in the White Mts. and Lakes in N. H. featured. Sports. Woodcraft Circle. Rifle Range. Nature-Study. Every boy learns to swim. 8 weeks. Write for booklet. Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Ballam, 28 Peirce St., Arlington Hts., Mass.

CAMP WEEDIGOWASA

A home camp for boys 7-15 at Crystal Lake, Gilmanton, N. H. Remote but not isolated. Health featured. Usual camp activities, parental supervision. Write for booklet. Arthur V. Dimock, Grotton, Mass.

CAMP FENIMORE
For GIRLS. On Beautiful LAKE OTSEGO, Cooperstown, N. Y. A small exclusive riding camp for girls 6 to 12. Write for book of pictures. Mrs. Clifford A. Brainer, 114 East 22nd St., New York. Also Companion Camp for Boys

CAMP WINNECOOK FOR BOYS

LAKE WINNECOOK, UNITY, MAINE
25th Season. All usual camp activities, including riflery and horsemanship, included in camp fee. Extended horseback trips. The kind of a summer a boy most enjoys. Illustrated Booklet.
Herbert L. Rand, 11 Hemenway Road, Salem, Mass.

CAMP OPECHEE

Babooic Lake, Amherst, N. H.

A camp for young girls. Usual camp activities, including dramatics and dancing. Water sports especially featured. 8 weeks \$150.00. 11th Season. Booklet.
Mrs. F. F. Hockaday, 37 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

CAMP MINNE-WAWA For Boys and

A summer of real outdoor life — fishing, canoeing, swimming, hiking. On Lake of Two Rivers, Algonquin Provincial Park, Highlands of Ontario. Good camp-mates. Fine food. Reasonable terms. For Booklet "A" write
W. L. Wise, Ph.D., Bordentown, N. J.

Camp Wichitee West Dresden, Me.

For girls 8-20

A camp of real sportsmanship. All activities including hand-craft, nature study, horseback riding and GOLF. Moderate rates. Address Miss Harriet M. Balcom, 1193 Commonwealth Ave., Allston, Mass.

CAMP PENACOOK

North Sutton, N. H. Twenty-ninth Season. Limited number of desirable boys, ages 8 to 16. All field and water sports. Experienced counselors. Exceptional equipment. Wholesome food.
R. B. Matters, M. S., Dobb's Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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Camp for boys at Bantam Lake, Conn. In Berkshires. All activities. Excellent supervision. 100 miles from New York. 22nd Year. Booklet.
ROBERT Y. TINDALE, 31 E. 71st St., NEW YORK

AHMEEK Established 1915

A small "homey" camp for younger boys in the Highlands of Ontario.
ALBERT W. FIELD
The Columbus Academy, Columbus, Ohio

Will You Win \$10.00—\$5.00—\$3.00

IN the G. Y. C. Art Contest? If you can draw or paint, here is your chance open until May 11! If you missed the contest conditions on the G. Y. C. page of March 31, a stamped, addressed envelope will bring them to you. There is no time to lose. H. G.

How I Earned Extra Money

By DORIS E. WOOD (19); Vermont

I WANTED to take music lessons on our organ, so I earned all that I could in the following ways: 1. Very early in the year, we made a frame of boards 21 in. wide, 9 in. deep and 31 in. long, and filled it with good, rich dirt and fertilizer. I bought an ounce of seed for 15 cents, and a 10-cent packet of seed. These were sweet peas. Some varieties were California Giants, and the others were Spencers.



I weeded and watered the plants until they began to bloom. A city lady who loves flowers was boarding in the village. She went by our house for a walk and saw my sweet-pea bed. She bought one 10-cent and three 25-cent bouquets of them. She would have bought more if she had known about them sooner. So this made me a clear profit of 60 cents besides all the bouquets I gave away. 2. I picked wild raspberries and sold them at 25 cents per quart. 3. I picked lace ferns for a fern dealer at 60 cents per thousand. They were picked in bunches of 25, and the stems were securely tied. With good luck, I can pick a dollar's worth of ferns in one afternoon, but we have to pay the dealer 10 cents per thousand for coming to get the ferns, as we live miles away. 4. I picked the princess pine evergreen and sold it to dealers, who paid from 6 to 8 cents per pound for it. (Prices may differ.) 5. I picked garden raspberries at 5 cents per quart for my Sunday-school teacher, who had a large field of them. He had many customers for his berries. 6. I crocheted sets of babies' sacques and booties and sold them in sets of one sacque and one pair of booties for \$1.50. As my materials cost me \$1.00, I made a clear profit of 50 cents per set. 7. I embroidered a buffet set. The stamped pieces and material cost me 69 cents, and I sold it for \$1.50. 8. I bought a large assortment of seed, bugle and agate beads of various colors for 10 cents from a lady who had no use for them. I paid 10 cents a spool for silk and had bead needles that came with my bead loom. I bought 10,000 seed beads for 40 cents, and my aunt gave me a lot of silk and some black beads. I wove and strung these into nine bead chains. The prices ranged from 10 cents to \$1.00 per chain. The total amount for the chains sold was \$3.05. 9. I bought an assorted roll of Dennison's crepe paper for 10 cents. Out of this I made two bunches of hyacinth blossoms, which I sold at 25 cents per bunch. 10. I have two hens, full-blooded Houdans, whose names are Betty and Sue. I got them the 13th of April, 1926. They began laying the 16th of April and have laid 158 eggs up to date. I sold the eggs from time to time at the going price per dozen, ranging from 24 to 45 cents per dozen. Mamma and grandma gave me their grain and eggs, for caring for the other hens and chickens and ducks! So you see I earned quite a lot of "pin money" in all of these ways. The money earned paid for my music lessons, for part of my clothes, for some magazines.



Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises which lead to successful achievements

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

....How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

....How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

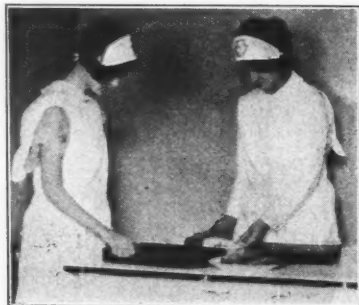
Address.....

The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join now!

Cookie Making—G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 33

ONE of the ways to charm guests and to show one's talents in a most tangible way is by baking a fresh batch of delicious cookies! Here is one of the recipes tested out by the G. Y. C. Workbox which made a great hit:



The next morning the dough was cut into 1/4-inch slices and baked in a hot oven

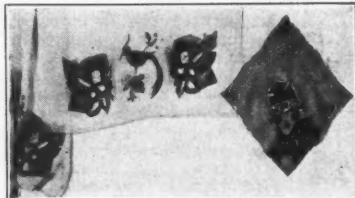
Brown Sugar Cookies

5 cups of flour 3/4 cup of butter
1 teaspoon of Rumford baking powder 3/4 cup of lard
2 teaspoons of cinnamon 2 cups of brown sugar
3 eggs 1/2 cup ground nut meats

Sift the dry ingredients together. Beat the egg whites and yolk separately. Cream shortening with sugar. Add the egg yolks and the nut meats. Add half the dry ingredients, then the egg whites, and finally the rest of the dry ingredients. Mold the dough in a sausage-like roll and let it stay overnight in a cool place. (The dough will be stiff because there is no liquid in this recipe.) The next morning cut the roll of dough into 1/4-inch slices and bake on a greased cookie tin or in a flat pan in a hot oven. This recipe makes from 80 to 125 cookies, according to how they are cut. If you do not want so many, one half or one third of the recipe may be made successfully.

Fabric Painting—G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 34

DAINTY scarfs and handkerchiefs in gay colors are lovely accessories to wear with spring and summer costumes. With fabric paints they can be made to be quite unusual



Hand-painted crepe de Chine makes this dainty scarf and handkerchief

and pretty; and they are very easy to do. A 1 1/2-yard piece of crepe de Chine, split down the center, made the beginnings of a scarf, and we were ready to choose a design for it. This we did, picking out a gay if conventional flower and bird motif to put on either end. We transferred the design to a piece of white blotting paper instead of putting it directly on the silk, although it is a good plan, if you want a perfectly clear-cut outline, to transfer it directly to the silk. Of course, if the fabric you are painting on is not transparent, the design has to be put directly on the material.



Many are the charming effects you can obtain at little cost and effort with fabric paints

The blotting paper, with the design, was slipped under the crepe de Chine, and that was pinned firmly and smoothly over it, so that the design showed through exactly in the center. The colors went on neatly and evenly—fabric paint does not stiffen the material, nor does it spread if you use it according to simple directions. When the paint had dried, we made a small cone of paper and squeezed paste through the end of it to outline the design in various places. This emphasized it to advantage, particularly when the paste was colored over with gold powder.

The scarf was finished off with a very tiny hand-rolled hem on either side. When this was done, the scarf was pressed between two damp cloths. This "set" the colors and made them fast for washing, dry cleaning or exposure to the light.

The handkerchief we chose to make did not match our scarf, but it is always nice to have matching sets and color combinations that harmonize with the clothes with which they are to be worn. We cut our hankie 9 inches square and instead of rolling our edges and hemming them finished them off with a line of the paste and gold powder, which was just as effective and gave an added touch of originality.

LETITIA VALENTINE

Materials: Supplies and designs for fabric painting are sold in almost every department or drug store now, and they are not expensive. If you wish to try this attractive craft and can't find the materials near home, I shall be glad to tell you where you can send for them, and to tell you the prices. Please remember a self-addressed, stamped envelope when you write.

HAZEL GREY

8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

An Attractive Achievement

\$2.00 Publication Prize



To add to your room—at home or at school

ACTIVE MEMBER SADIE PEDERSEN (17) of Northfield, Minn., has made this good-looking G. Y. C. pillow in the following manner: "I purchased one yard of blue sateen, to match my pin, and 1/4 yard of gold-colored sateen. I then made a Keystone-shaped pattern, which measured 14 inches long and 14 inches wide in the widest places. I cut two pieces of the blue sateen with this pattern, one for the back, one for the front. I then cut strips of the gold sateen about 2 inches wide, turned the edges under, arranged the letters G. Y. C. on the front of the pillow and basted them on before stitching them down, very close to the edges, on the sewing-machine.

"Next a strip of the gold, long enough to go round the edge of the pillow, was cut and used to cover five pieces of cord twisted together. Then I cut three strips of the blue about 5 1/2 inches wide and 36 inches long and gathered these tightly. I sewed the corded gold piece on round the front of the pillow and sewed the gathered pieces round between the front and back pieces. An opening at the bottom back about 8 1/2 inches long should be left; put a piece of cloth across this so that the gathers will not come out."

Fashions for the Young Girl

SPRING and the approaching end of the school year bring with them many different activities for us to think about—inter-class entertainments, prom festivities, and the many events connected with graduation time demand attention, as well as the absorbing work to be done and final exams to be taken. If you plan ahead carefully, you will be equipped with the right clothes to meet the varied demands on your wardrobe, so that you can face your calendar without any qualms about what you will wear a few weeks from now, when you hope to look and feel your very best. For the next three weeks you will find dresses that Betty and Suzanne and I have chosen to try to help you solve just such needs. This week Suzanne is wearing an afternoon frock that is excellent style, as it shows the very new grosgrain ribbon bows as its only trimming. The skirt is made with two tiers of dainty pleats which slant up towards the left side. The bloused waist and repetition of the pleating between wrist and elbow, making little puffed cuffs, are two other new and attractive points to notice about this particular dress. In rose beige, queen blue or green this would be a darling dress for any kind of a semi-formal affair like a luncheon, a tea or a wedding or to wear to the theatre. In navy blue, you could wear it far into the warmest weather without a coat, as your best Sunday frock. And it is only \$16.50.



Hayle Studios

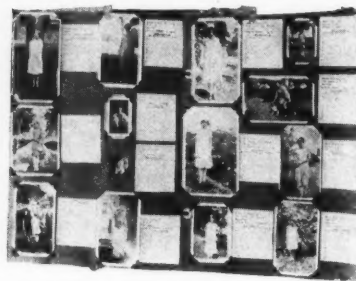
Of course, every single one of us has a different clothes problem—and we all have very different amounts to spend on our clothes, too. Some of us can make most, if not all, of the dresses we wear. Others of us could never be clever enough to do that, and so we have to buy our frocks and try to show our talents along other lines. But think of the things we have in common in spite of these differences! How to look our best, how to wear things that are in good taste, good style, becoming to our individual type, and, last but far from least, how to live wisely within our own particular clothes allowance and to feel sure that we spend wisely every penny that we do put into dressing ourselves, are a few of the most important ones.

If you are slender and fair and fond of parties, like Suzanne, remember that the things she wears are good pointers for you. If you have dark hair and brown eyes and are fond of sports, Betty's clothes are hints for you. If you can't decide just what does suit you best,—what to wear to your school party, or whether rose or green would be most becoming to wear to brother Bob's college class day,—let's prove the old saying once more that two heads are better than one! I'll do my best to help you.

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

What Happens to Your Pictures?



MAY we introduce you to the famous G. Y. C. Book that you have all heard about? Here it is, both inside and out. The pages happened to fall open for the photographer between the last page of the Iowa section and the beginning of the Kansas section. Beside the picture of each Active Member is recorded her name, age, address, and the date on which she was elected to active membership. Each successful achievement that she reports is

listed on her own achievement blank; when one is filled, we add another just above it—as many as she can fill! This book is always "at home" at 8 Arlington Street and will be shown to any member of the G. Y. C. who lives near enough to come in and see it. We have already had some very enthusiastic visitors and hope for many more. Are your name and the beginnings of your achievement record on your state page yet?

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

WHAT THEY PLANTED ON ARBOR DAY

By Jean Halifax



Said the first little boy as he planted his tree,
"I am planting a ship to sail over the sea."

Said the next little boy, "My elm tree so tall
Some day will give shelter and shade to us all."

Said the third little boy, "A birch canoe
Some day I will make from my tree for you."

"By and by, from my tree," said the fourth little lad,
"Shining red apples will make us all glad."



Said the fifth little boy as he planted his tree,
"This will build a house for you and me."

Said the sixth little boy, "A ladder to climb
When this tree grows up I'll make of mine."

Said the seventh little lad, "For the squirrel and mouse,
And the birds sometimes, this will be a house."



Illustrations by Benjamin

Said the eighth little boy, "This tree we'll take,
Chairs and tables and wagons to make."

Said the ninth little boy, "I'll use my tree
To cook the dinners for Mother and me."

Said the last little boy, "On buckwheat cakes
We'll eat the syrup this nice tree makes."

NOT QUITE PERFECT

By

Russell Gordon Carter



Illustration by Mary Eames

Isn't hard to walk with stilts;
I've mastered it, beyond a doubt.

The only thing that troubles me

Is how to keep my toes turned out!

THE LOVELY GODDESS OF THE RAINBOW

By Lockwood Barr

IT must have seemed to savagery that all the forces of nature had conspired to make him miserable—save one, the smiling rainbow. The sun scorched, the wintry winds cut and froze, the lowering storm clouds frowned and threatened, the rain drenched and chilled. Lightning flashed and thunder roared. But when the sun's rays broke through after a summer's shower, and the rainbow appeared in the sky, all nature seemed to smile and promise better things.

The rainbow has been a constant source of inspiration to man since the beginning of time. So in the legends of every race there are stories about the rainbow. In fact there are almost as many pretty stories as the rainbow contains hues and shades of color.

This is the Greek story about the little daughter of Electra, the beautiful ocean nymph. She was born in a marvelous



grotto at the bottom of the sea. As the months went by she grew to be more beautiful than her mother. Her wings were wrought of golden feathers of many colors and set with pearls and precious jewels.

When she grew old enough her mother gave her to Zeus and Hera to carry the many messages they wished to send to mortal men on earth, and so she became the rainbow goddess. She would fly with the swiftness of the winds from the heavens to the world. Sometimes they sent her into the depths of the sea and sometimes even into the underworld. Wherever she went her path was marked with a blaze of glory.

When ancient peoples saw a rainbow in the sky, they told their children that it was caused by bits of feathers dropping from the golden wings of this little messenger as she went upon her travels through the air. Where the end of the rainbow rested on the earth a tiny feather sometimes took root and grew, bearing early every spring flowers of iridescent color.

The ancients called that fair young goddess Iris, and gave her name to that wondrous flower which to them was the nearest thing on earth to the rainbow.

Nuts & Crack

1. MISSING LETTERS.

T H S M N T L L
M T H N W R L S
M T W L L T H S
V R S T T S T S

If the proper letter is inserted a number of times among the letters given above, the result will be a sensible sentence.

2. CHARADE.

One often hears my first go past;
A cat, my second might be.
In any room around the house
My whole you're likely to see.
Now, let us get to work at once
And solve this mystery.

3. WORD-SQUARE.

1. To apply habitually. 2. A window in a small gable. 3. Entrancing. 4. Statues. 5. To stick tightly. 6. Meetings.

4. ENIGMA.

The name of a boy; a conjunction so small;
Things in a line. That will be all.
Add them together. The answer will be
Something we look for but never shall see!

5. COLONEL PUZZLER.

During artillery practice Colonel Puzzler sent out three groups of observers beyond a target in a lake. One man in each group was to shout each time a shot was fired, and the others were then to note the effects of the shot.

One of the men shouted when he heard the boom of the gun, the second shouted when he heard the shell whirling through the air, and the third when he saw the splash of the shell in the water. Which of the three shouted first, and which last?

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

1. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

2. Locksmith. (Lock-Smith.)

3. SOLVES
ORIOLE
LITTER
VOTIVE
ELEVEN
SERENE

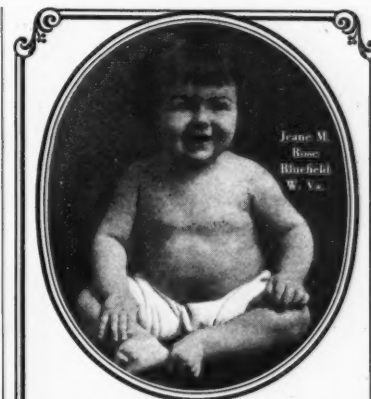
4. Spark; S-Park; Sp-Ark.

5. In timing the gun, Colonel Puzzler naturally started with the first shot, so the second shot should come at the end of the first second, the third at the end of the second second, and the sixtieth shot at the end of the fifty-ninth second. But he found the sixtieth did not come until the end of the sixtieth second, and this showed the gun was too slow.

ANSWERS TO WHAT IS YOUR SCORE

(Questions on page 279)

1. The Eskimo dog. 2. In Africa. 3. But-ton Gwinnett. 4. Thackeray. 5. Abraham Lincoln. 6. From Russia. 7. Eight. 8. In the game of golf. 9. The right-hand side, as you face forward. 10. Hallowed e'en, or evening—the evening before All Saints' Day. 11. Geneva. 12. Electricity. 13. Admiral William S. Sims. 14. On a farm at Plymouth, Vt. 15. The Dog Star (Sirius). 16. The Yangtze. 17. Shem, Ham and Japhet. 18. Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen. 19. The war of 1812 with Great Britain. 20. Corn and potatoes.



Jean M. Buse
Bluefield
W. Va.

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THE FINAL WEEK

For These Big April Specials

APRIL 30, the closing date for these big Anniversary Specials is rapidly drawing near. Thousands of Companion subscribers have already earned these Double-Value Premiums. Have you won your share? A few spare moments spent in boosting The Youth's Companion will bring you your choice of the fine premiums on this page. But you must act at once for these special offers are strictly limited to the month of April. After April 30 the regular terms will apply. Start out today and get your order in before the offers expire.

Note: Premiums are given only to present Companion subscribers in payment for new subscriptions that introduce The Youth's Companion into homes where the magazine has not been taken during the past twelve months.



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